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LESSONS OF THRIFF.

Published for

General Benefit.

By a

MEMBER

of the

Save-all Club.

Aut simul et jucunda et utilia dicere vitæ.



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P R E F A C E.



IN the present muddy and turbulent stream of time, when authors are obliged to puff and blow that they may keep their heads above water, it may seem surprising that I, a simple person and a tradesman, should aspire to make that complicated machine, a book of the modern manufacture. But having had long experience in the watch-making line, I was the more emboldened to this attempt (laid on my poor shoulders by the President and Committee), as I divined and imagined that it could not be more difficult to make a book than to make a watch.

1. As to the case, whether plain or gold, it is not in my line, but belongs to a separate profession, that of a metal-founder for the one, that of a book-binder for the other. But as it serves for protection, I am led to say that I expect the protection of the Club in my singular case of commencing author.

2. The main-spring of this same book will, I trust, be found to be sound morality, tempered with instruction and brightened with amusement.

3. The chance of wear by friction is lessened, as it turns upon a small but precious diamond called religion; which forms the soul of a state, as laws form the body.

4. The wheel-chain is the series of words or language, which it is hoped will be found connected and clear.

5. The numerous wheels, roundlets, pegs, staples, &c. may be considered as represented by the lessons and letters, &c., which will be found to be so constructed and adjusted as mutually to assist each other, and, though of different metals, form a connected whole. These wheels are often of various materials and manufactures, the business of a watch-maker being to adapt them to each other, as of a book-maker to make an uniform and durable book, and which "goes well" not only in the shop but in the hand.

6. The dial-plate is this preface, or any other, which only serves to show how time is wasted.

7. As repetition is a great fault in a book, this watch is not a repeater.

8. It must be gently handled. A fair and just critic may touch the moderator, but a rough and inexperienced hand may in winding up injure some wheel, or even break the main-spring.

And now, my dear friends and fellow members of the Save-all Club, permit me to address a few words to you, which may also serve the Kind and Benevolent Reader, as he is called in old books, at a time when such qualities were not unknown. All books abound with errors and imperfections, even in the very transcription, except perhaps Euclid's Elements and Cocker's Arithmetic; the last of which

is always on our table, to remind us that most of the faults of human life arise from miscalculation. If a man be ruined by a mistress, or even canonically by a wife, by gaming, by drinking, by purchases, by speculations, by extravagances, by losses—it is merely because he has not consulted Cocker.

Money may be estimated either in an arithmetical or in a geometrical progression, the former chiefly belonging to the poor, the latter to the opulent. For as many rivulets flow into great rivers, while a single independent little stream may be lost in sand or a marsh, so it is that riches seek the rich, while poverty has no resources. I venerate honest poverty, which, though apt to be despised, is the humble relation of all the virtues; but in this vile and wicked world, in which the human race seems to have totally degenerated, without even forethought sufficient to provide cork-jackets against another deluge, Wealth and Poverty may be considered as two distinct species, which multiply only in their own kind and direction. Such being the case, the danger of entering the inextricable labyrinth of poverty may easily be conceived, and the intention of this same book is to warn against the paths and by-paths that lead to that labyrinth, for a clue or thread to guide through the dark catacombs would be of little utility, as an escape is rarely practicable.

Money, money alone, though it has been unaccountably neglected by authors, strangers perhaps to its very name, and still more to its practical use and management (for we have many *theories* of Money

and Coin, and the Wealth of Nations), is the main-spring of all human action, want, wish, and desire. It is the true *Primum Mobile* of this our globe, which sheds astrological, that is, inevitable, influences on every scene of human existence. Even Opinion, which has been called the Queen of the World, bends in homage before this universal Empress : and it is merely because this latter title was then unknown that a Roman poet uses the regal style of REGINA PECUNIA, or “MONEY THE QUEEN.” She has not only natural but magical powers, and by the sole touch of her metallic tractors, or even paper inscribed with certain characters, not at all cabalistic, can bestow luxury, pomp, respect, ease, comfort, reputation, sometimes even health, but never love or friendship : when I speak of these last two jewels, I mean of the genuine water, for the counterfeits are bought and sold every day.

That money is perhaps the only theme which has escaped all authors, ancient and modern (excepting only the theories aforesaid, which present, as it were, metaphysical views of the subject), may perhaps be ascribed to the common saying, “out of sight, out of mind.” Travellers may indeed describe objects which they never saw ; but that an author by profession should treat of the practical use of money would surpass all the impudence of quackery, all the effrontery of sheer ignorance, all the brass of modern criticism, in treating objects utterly unknown, and belonging to quite a different sphere of intelligence.

This consideration has also had its due weight

and preponderance with me, dearly beloved fellow members, in the production of this mass of scribbled paper, which may in time become a book, and be afloat in the world if the wind sit fair, for “to raise the wind” I am no way accustomed. Yet what if in eventually becoming a member of the ancient fraternity of authors, I should also become a sharer of their inborn, habitual, and irremediable poverty? This gloomy thought has been somewhat relieved by our worthy President, who assures me that he has interest enough to procure me a place—among the poor knights of Windsor. It is shocking to humanity that there is no asylum, no monastery for decayed authors, and that men who have enlightened the world should die without money to procure a farthing candle. The causes of this sad neglect appear unto me to be twofold. 1. No author has died rich enough to build an hospital: Guy was an ungrateful bookseller and stationer, who only thought of broken limbs, and not of broken pates or cracked brains. 2. Authors form a fraternity always at variance with each other—game-cocks, who sport their feathers for the public amusement: and though we are commanded to love our enemies, yet it is nowhere enjoined, so far as my recollection goes, that we should build hospitals for them.

MONEY! MONEY! my friends! Above all things get money, or, what is as important, learn to save it.

Nec minor est virtus quam quærere parta tueri.

There are a thousand ways of getting money, but only one of saving it, which is, not to spend it un-

necessarily. This is the golden thread on which I have endeavoured to string my pearls of ancient and modern lore, of book-reading and of real life. I have read a great deal, and seen a great deal of all modes of existence; and that great poet Mr. Gray has pronounced, that if any man would commit to paper merely what he has seen and heard, the product would infallibly prove an interesting book.

I am not only thus emboldened to appear in a binding of calf or sheep, after being perhaps printed on foolscap paper, but as the case was new, and the risk hazardous, I have added testimonies and approbations of some qualified members, with the solemn authorization of the Secretary and President; the latter being a highly respectable gentleman, lineally descended from the famous one of the same name, but of very different principles. If some of the testimonies be not very flattering, let it be considered that they were all given GRATIS.

APPROBATIONS OF THE COMMITTEE.

THIS book (for so it has turned out to be) appears to me as full of instruction as a novel, and as full of laughter as a tragedy. It does the maker credit as a first attempt.

T. THIN.

I hope your ingenious and interesting compilement will resemble your watches, my worthy friend, as the one you sold me goes too fast.

N. SPARERIB.

There can be no objection to this book on the score of morality. The maxims and anecdotes are sound and wholesome.

G. GRUEL, B. D.

This book, though not written by an author, may teach many of that honourable fraternity to write on subjects of some utility. Since I read it I am wiser than I was.

W. WISEACRE.

This thing so much resembles a book that it may be read on a rainy day, and even read aloud during a high wind, when no one can hear the nonsense it contains.

D. DRY.

*** Invidious! Why did the honourable member refuse to write it himself when it was proposed to him?

This book may pass muster, being of a standard size.

B. BONE.

BEING approved by a majority of the Committee, as not only affording much innocent amusement and variety, but topics of great utility, especially at the present day,

May be printed, if it shall seem good to the honourable President.

R. MERRYWEATHER, *Sec. S. A.*

Let it be printed.

P. BAREBONES, *Pres. S. A.*

** * * The time is long since passed when a new author appeared with a cap and bells, carefully marked with the names or initials of the donors, I mean commendatory verses, while*

His portrait deck'd appeared in front,
With bays and wicked rhymes upon 't.

But Tom Shufflepenny (see his letter, Appendix, No. IV.) having presented me with the following lines GRATIS, I cannot forbear the insertion.

Thy book, my friend, as I'm a sinner,
Resembles much a tavern dinner ;
Of many a meat there is a dish—
And thou thyself art an odd fish.

The form is long, slender, and a little curved
appears with a cap and bells, and is marked with the name
or initials of the donor, I never remember to have seen, while

His portrait deck'd appeared in front,
With boys and wicked rhymes upon it.

And Tom Stimpson (see his letter, Appendix, No. IV.)
having presented me with the following lines gratis, I cannot
forget the occasion.

Thy book my friend, as I'm a sinner,
Resembles much a tavern-dinner;
Of many a poet there is a dish—
And thou thyself art an odd fish.

SAVE-ALL CLUB.

SIR P. BAREBONES, Bart. PRESIDENT.

JOHN SCANTY, Esq. *Treasurer.*

RICHARD MERRYWEATHER, Esq. *Secretary.*

Messieurs Thomas Thin,
Nicholas Sparerib,
Matthew Meagre,
James Drinkwater,
George Gruel,
David Dry,
Abstemius Byewater,
Richard Sleet,
Benjamin Bone,
Mark Skin,
Laurence Littlepenny,
Godfrey Groat,
Edward Longshanks,
Charles Calveless,
Peter Herring,
William Wiseacre,
Toby Moneypenny,
Samuel Snail,
Slowly Creeper,
Godspeed Goodluck,

or any ten of them, form the Select Committee.

SAVER ALL CLUB

SIR I HAVE HONOR, BUT I AM NOT

JOHN SCANTY, BUT I AM NOT

RICHARD MURRAY WEAVER, BUT I AM NOT

THOMAS THOMAS THOMAS

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RULES OF THE CLUB..

A LATE judge, of prudent and sagacious memory, Lord Mansfield, was accustomed to say, "In order to do well, we should always begin at the end." In compliance with this maxim, so advantageous in all business, and in order to fix it on the memory, these Regulations are inscribed in a retrograde position; not forgetting that the true beginning is PRUDENCE, and the end ECONOMY.

VIII. No gamester, musician, drunkard, debauchee, nor spendthrift of any description, can be admitted.

VII. No member can be surety upon any account or account; but if he have confidence in the proposer he may lend him the money, which is a safer procedure.

VI. The smallest superfluous expense is not only a reproach to a member, but he may be fined by the Committee, for the use of the poor.

V. The weekly dinner of the Club shall consist of tripe and mutton-chops, with potatoes or other cheap vegetables. Each member his pint of porter. Herrings and sprats may be presented when in high season. There is also a meagre dinner once a week of bread and milk, or rice-milk, according to choice.

IV. As a new coat never fails to attract animadversion in the Club, the members are requested to avoid that singularity as much as possible. If it prove that the coat is only turned, the owner shall dine that day GRATIS.

III. Any member who shall forget the character of a gentleman so far as to swear or even hint at an obscenity, to be fined for the poor according to his means. If thrice repeated, he is expelled *ipso facto*.

II. As our Club is the offspring of necessity, and necessity has no law, lawyers cannot become members. Litigious persons are also rejected, as decided enemies of the Save-all.

I. The essential principle of the Club being frugality, the several offices shall be assigned to the members most distinguished for that virtue. The President and Committee regulate the affairs of the Club, examine the merits of candidates, fine or expel offenders. The Treasurer pays expenses, levying them equally among the members. The Secretary records sentences, and receives useful hints from correspondents. He also carefully registers any new inventions of thrift.

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* * * *The reader will perceive an hiatus after p. 38, another after p. 86, and a third after p. 162. Some digressions occurred in those places on subjects too abstruse to be generally interesting; they have therefore been withdrawn; but in consequence of a temporary absence of the author, the suppression took place after the work was printed. As the connexion of its parts is not disturbed, it is hoped that the liberty thus taken will be tolerated with indulgence.*

LESSONS OF THRIFT.

LESSON I.

THE SAVE-ALL.

THE Save-all is a little instrument well known in economical families, and so constructed that a candle may burn to the last without losing any fragment. On account of its use and name, it has been adopted as the sacred emblem of our Club; also known by the appellation of 'Sons of Thrift.'

The Save-all is of various forms. Some have only one prong; but as this is apt to split the candle, others inclose the prong in a little cup of white-iron. Others have two prongs; but the best are those with three, which support your candle-end without any risk of burning your fingers; an accident to be avoided, as the cure may cost more than the candle, in opposition to every rule of sound economy.

Nor is there any proof of saving in learning to snuff a candle with the fingers. It is, indeed, a display of courage; but courage is not an every day suit, and it is a dirty business, unfit for our club, of which all the members are men of worth and respectability, and though of the strictest frugality, far above any dirty or mean action. Nor is it necessary to add, that snuffers may be found in every street, not to mention Westminster Hall or the Royal Exchange.

Among our members there is a poet who has written on the *Save-all*; but I know not if it be his fault or mine that I do not understand his verses, though he assures me that they are in the best modern style, with all the freshest tints of the *Aurora Borealis*, relieved by a very gloomy sky. He has also studied to enliven the subject, and add force of character, as he calls it, by introducing, head and tail, a smuggler, a robber, and a murderer hanging in chains. I am a plain man, who have only read some Latin and English classics; and as these Northern Lights neither warm nor comfort me, I leave them to shine and vanish at their leisure. It is with great difficulty that I can push along this my wheelbarrow of prose, as I think it is called; and without the positive orders of our President and Select Committee never should I have ventured to write this *Day-Book*, *Ledger*, or *Legerdemain*, which threatens so much to resemble that moveable denominated a modern book by a fashionable maker or upholder, that I confess I am frightened at the very idea. I am told that the great secret in making a book is plagiarism; that is, the practice of stealing from approved authors, only taking care to efface or alter the mark: but having been educated in a reverend fear of the gallows, I abhor theft under any name, term, or appellation, even though literary, or polite, or fashionable. But I must be permitted to regard all thoughts as my own which have cost me labour and industry to steal, just as an angler does a fish fairly caught with his own rod, line, and hook. I hope the titles of my *Lessons* will serve as buoys, and that I shall catch thoughts like perch, in repeated swarms. My presumption in this same book-business will, it is hoped, be excused, when it is considered that I am ordered on a foraging party by my superior officers, but with positive injunctions against rapine, or offence to man, woman, or child.

I perceive that in this my raw and unpractised apprenticeship to the mechanical construction of a whirligig like a book, I shall be subject to lose my path when I do not see clear, or,

in other words, to digress. But this must be excused, as few flowers or fruits are found on the highway, and I must quit beaten paths for remote streams if I wish to catch fish. In short, this paper-kite of mine will fly as the wind happens to sit, and if I lose the string I must try to find it. Where was I? It is the poet, I perceive, who has led me a dance, as not unusual with that tribe. To resume the string, I must say that the only passage that pleased me was the similitude of the sun, who is very saving of his light, especially in winter (what a price candles have got to!) yet there is a kind of save-all called the twilight, and a good housewife will hunt down daylight by working at a western window. So that my digression has led to a lesson of thrift, as the furthest way about is said to be the nearest way home: a maxim which my readers will have frequent cause to remember.

To lend a finish to my Save-all, it must be observed that the French call it a *Brule-tout*, or Burn-all, a characteristic term, which I shall leave to enlighten meditation.

LESSON II.

A CASKET FOR THE SAVE-ALL.

AN opulent goldsmith, M. S. A. has presented to the club a beautiful save-all in a casket, which I shall describe, as replete with lessons of thrift. The save-all is of gold, the casket of silver, except a circle in front of rock-crystal, through which the save-all is seen. In the angles, and around the crystal, are festoons of beet, radishes, and turnips, because the Greeks, according to Pliny, had placed in the grand temple of Delphi

these three eatables, in gold, silver, and lead, as emblems of their ancient frugality.

On the other two sides and the top are the following medallions. As the casket is in the Grecian style of workmanship, the examples are ancient, but similar might be produced from English history; as Andrew Marvel pointing to his cold mutton while he rejects the offers of a minister; and the like.

Medallion 1. Ancient Rome sitting on a globe, with a sceptre in one hand and a save-all in the other, signifying that by parsimony in private life the Romans conquered the world.

Medallion 2. Marcus Curius Cincinnatus holding the plough while the staff of dictator is sent to him by the senate. Cold indifference and surly majesty appear in his countenance, while the messengers and lictors display mingled awe and surprise. A master-piece, to show that thriving is the daughter of thrift.

Medallion 3. The same Cincinnatus receiving the ambassadors of the Samnites, and rejecting their precious gifts. He is seated on a coarse wooden stool, and eating his dish of turnips.

Medallion 4. Attilius Regulus writing to the Roman senate to request his recal, as amidst his victories his little farm, his only resource, would go to ruin.

Medallion 5. Cato the Elder, when general, marching loaded with all his armour and weapons, while a slave follows with provisions for a month, as described by Plutarch. So many are the examples of his parsimony, that he is placed along with Hesiod the poet, among the primitive founders of our society; and we use the word *Cato* as a check, as much as to say *hoc age!* "Look sharp." "Attend to frugality."

Medallion 6. The same selling a heifer from his farm, and some fruits from his garden, to another senator. They are

wrangling stoutly about the price. It is a well known maxim of Cato, that a prudent manager should sell, and not buy.

Medallion 7. Cato the Younger in his usual *costume*, head uncovered, naked feet, and without a cloak. He was as true a save-thrift, and as averse to spendthrifts, as his uncle.

Medallion 8. Phocion, that eminent Greek general, carrying his sandals under his arm, and wiping his brow, to show that it is hot weather. For he said there was no occasion to use shoes unnecessarily; and when the season required their use, the soldiers would exclaim, "Cold weather, my lads; Phocion wears his sandals."

Medallion 9. Demosthenes laughing at the sum demanded by the Corinthian courtesan, while he seems to say, "I shall not buy repentance so dear."

LESSON III.

CONTENTMENT.

A MAIN secret of thrift is to be contented with a little. Happiness is too proud a word for man, who must be satisfied if he find contentment and tranquillity.

Yet discontent pervades every mode of human existence. A religious author has composed a treatise "On the causes of the perpetual restlessness in man," and argues from it the certainty of a future existence. This misery increases in every rank of life, and perhaps Europe in general was never so unhappy as at present; because the increase of enjoyments does not correspond with that of information and consequent wants and desires. The comforts that would have sufficed for our grandfathers and grandmothers are not satisfactory to their

progeny, and as the stock is far from being inexhaustible, many are discontented with their share. In the great fair of human life the spectators are numerous; but there are few who can afford to purchase, and even the purchasers are not always pleased with their bargains.

This comparative restraint naturally leads to discontent, like that of the Venetian nobleman, who had lived happily for fifty years within the precincts of the city, but when, from political causes, he was ordered by the senate not to pass them upon any account, he felt a longing desire of going to the country.

As what is called happiness lies chiefly in opinion, it confessedly belongs to the imagination, exclusive of the memory and the judgment. We imagine to ourselves a happier mode of life, because our judgment and our memory, which constitute experience, have not taught us the inconveniences and the evils of that state which we desire, and which, upon trial, would often prove worse than the former. Our imaginations are even sometimes as puerile as that of the French peasant, who wished to be a king that he might dine every day upon gingerbread.

An old French physician, of no mean talent, has written an odd book, called *Traité du Ris*, "A Treatise on Laughter," dedicated to the first queen of Henry IV. His remarks upon discontent may amuse, if they do not instruct.

"The human soul is but an atom compared with its great Creator, whose infinity surpasses all space. But compared with the other creatures, it is a little deity, which comprehends them, but is comprehended by none. Hence it is, that being a pilgrim in this lower world, it remains discontented and insatiable, even though its wishes be gratified. For either the object is of short duration, or the fancy changes, or the mind is diverted to another pursuit. He who has some personal defect, or is confined by severe illness, wishes to be the poorest man in the world, without relations, friends, or

comforts, so that his body might be at ease: it appearing to him that he would then request nothing more, and that his mind would be satisfied. But having obtained these advantages, he demands friends, honours, and wealth, without which he imagines that he must be miserable. Then it appears to him, that in the possession of such a place, such a connexion, such a revenue, he could have nothing further to desire. But these wishes being accomplished, and enjoying all the prospects of his pursuit, behold others arise! If he even become king of a great country, so that all his expectations are far surpassed, yet he wishes for the realms of his neighbours, and then others, so that if master of all this globe he would weep because he cannot conquer the moon."

A great secret of content is to compare ourselves with others yet more unhappy. Three quarters, perhaps, of the human race live from day to day, and are not secure of the pittance of to-morrow. We want a work on the distribution of human life, on the unaccountable daily nourishment of so many millions of mouths, and the unceasing supply of so many comforts. This daily miracle, the more it is considered becomes the more wonderful; but God forbid that a famine should teach its importance. The constant re-production of animal and vegetable food, arranged and maintained by human industry—the prodigality of nature, the excess of her productions, which leads to commerce and interchange between nations, displays the infinite wealth, and power, and beneficence of an infinite Creator, whose powers are in constant activity, and whose creation is repeated every year and every day. To suppose such wonderful arrangements the effect of chance is not to display intellect, but to struggle against both intellect and sensation.

Another cogent argument against discontent and vain wishes arises from the simple reflections of experience, that the imaginary good of our desires often turns out to be a real evil, while the supposed evil, which we dread and wish to shun,

proves to be the very path to an unexpected good, a real benefit. Life is so full of such examples as to set human prudence at defiance. There is a destiny, or, in other words, a superior direction in human affairs, which often baffles skill, and even belief. Great affairs have often depended upon what we call accidental trifles; the sudden meeting of a friend, whom, perhaps, we have not seen for years; the receipt of an unintentional letter; the stepping into a strange house; a paragraph in a newspaper; and a thousand like instances. The devout among the Catholics ascribe such events to guardian angels, and have even rituals of prayers addressed to those beneficent spirits, whom they suppose to take the same care of us as we do of monkeys and parrots, and other tame animals. The idea is more pleasing than scriptural or rational; but there is so little religion left in the world, that after seeing the horrors of atheism in a neighbouring country, one is glad to meet with that principle, the chief bond of society, in any shape or disguise, even if she wear, not the cap and bells of superstition, but a few sober ornaments from the wardrobe of her fantastic rival. In all events, a humble trust in the omniscience and infinite benignity of Providence must ever be the main-spring of contentment in the various parts we perform on this theatre of life, in which to act our part well is our chief object, whether as servants or as heroes.

LESSON IV.

SKETCHES OF LIFE.

For large and complete pictures of human life the reader may study the admirable artist who delineated Gil Blas, or the grand gallery painted by Shakspeare, where a recluse might learn all the characters, colours, tints, hues, and shades, that diversify this our existence. I am not even a miniature painter. I only deal in sketches of detached features.

The infant and the boy are not more happy than the man. Sorrow is our inheritance. "Man is made to mourn." It is a trite remark, that a child cries as soon as it is born; but not equally trite, that it does not laugh, according to Hippocrates and Aristotle, till the fortieth day; and according to our good women, at the age of six weeks. A queer and quaint old author informs us that the males cry AA! as accusing Adam of their fall and misery, while the females scream EE! as blaming Eve. But this he endeavours to account for, upon the best principles of the Scottish philosophy and metaphysics, by a demonstration, that, as the voice of the male is more deep and sonorous, he naturally announces AA, while the female, more gentle and shrill, chooses EE.

By the same system it has also been discovered, that it is more pleasant to be free from pain than to suffer excruciating torture, and that there is no toothache like a mastiff biting your leg.

It is another grave question, whether life most resemble a chess-board, or a backgammon-table, by the French called *tric-trac*, from the sound of the movements; whence perhaps our word *trick*, as life is full of tricks of all colours and dimensions, but most generally black or white. Having consulted my nightcap, it is my fixed opinion that life most resembles

backgammon, being a game of chance rather than of skill, and no certainty of victory till the very end, when it is often decided by the back-game.

In life sharpers are often execrated and ridiculed, but in other vices the ridicule is often in a wrong direction. Ye writers of comedy, ye masters of wit and humour! why have ye not turned all your weapons against the vices—objects far more ridiculous than the virtues? why not lash the dissipated and unprincipled man of fashion, instead of his plain-dealing and conscientious dupe? the thoughtless and extravagant lady of quality, instead of the home-loving and virtuous wife? the over-reaching adventurer, instead of his unsuspecting victim? the tricks of fallacy, instead of the good faith of guileless honesty? the murderous duellist, instead of the worthy citizen? the fraudulent bankrupt, instead of the upright and industrious merchant? the base intriguer, instead of the sincere and devoted suitor? the plausible seducer, instead of the object of his vile deceit? the faithless spouse, instead of the injured husband? the treacherous villain, instead of the ruined friend?

It is from this odd fatality, arising perhaps from the easiness of imitation when compared with original invention, and from the number of laughers being greater on the side of the vicious—*stultorum infinitus est numerus*,—that works of humour are seldom irreproachable. The obscure and now obsolete fooleries of Rabelais vie with the nauseating vagaries and morbid fancies of Swift. In later times the writings of Sterne, a clergyman, show that the mind was tainted by evil passions, under the specious guise of refined sentiment, and but too plainly prove that he had deluded himself into a belief that the impulses of the heart might be permitted to supersede all positive rules for the guidance of human actions. As the want of real religion is attempted to be supplied by superstitious observances, or by hypocritical practices, so, when the truly virtuous and honest feelings grew rather rusty from want of use, we began to borrow sentiment from the French. It may be delightful to cry over dead asses and dead monks,

And to hear the children mutter !
 When they want their bread and butter !!
 Oh ! 't would melt a heart of stone !!!

but recommend to me the honest tears of an affectionate wife—
 of a dutiful daughter.

In like manner why have many learned and pious writers in all ages objected to theatrical amusements? Because of their gross immorality. Why is the French stage so decorous, and ours so dissolute, while the manners of the nations are the reverse? The former reminds one of the devout tobacconist of Strasburg, who always drew a veil over the image of his tutelar saint when he sanded his snuff and moistened his knaster. Corruption produced sentiments as in physics it produces animalculæ. Great men have in all ages been subject to shed tears, but of a very different sort.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

If we except the Heiress, an excellent comedy in all respects, there is scarcely another unseasoned with instructions in iniquity. This sauce, as in Holland, is served with all kinds of fish, and it is surprising that the audience should continue to relish such *garum*—such an antiquated sauce. Nay, robbery and murder are held forth to reverence, respect, and admiration, in the Beggar's Opera—a piece of which the public mischief is practically evinced in the case of Brodie of Edinburgh, executed for the robbery of the Excise Office, and who repeated the song with—

And changes our lead to gold,

when he went upon that grand expedition. As he fled to Holland, his execution is calculated to have cost the government about four thousand pounds—a sum better employed in the prevention of crimes than in the punishment.

The dereliction of the theatre is an extreme resource, while the stage is capable of being not only an innocent amusement, but a great school of public morals. Suppose, for a moment,

a law that no vice should be represented, or even noticed, without being held out to ridicule and contempt. Suppose a reward to that poet who shall produce the most witty comedy against any fashionable vice—I say witty, because the object is to change entirely the very current of wit and ridicule. Perhaps it may be said, what has all this to do with a lesson on thrift? Go to Doctors' Commons, and you will learn.

Money may be called the barometer of life, and thrift the thermometer. As the barometer often fails in its prognostications, telling untruth like any almanac, so money does not always infer comfort. But the thermometer of thrift is always useful in showing the vital heat or cold. Life is as changeable as the weather, and often depends on it. Men of large coarse frames and rough nerves may ridicule sensations which they never felt; but a great master, in the enumeration of its calamities, has justly put,

Subject to all the skyey influences.

Climate has even such effect, that at Barcelona, when the poisonous south-east gale blows from Africa, there are more murders committed in three days than in all the year besides. The blood is in high irritation—all visits are interdicted, and especially those of friends, where there is much intimacy.

The elements of human life are simple, yet how infinitely various are the mixtures! It is well said, that one-half of the world does not know how the other lives. At Paris, you see that poor woman with a stick in her hand, and a deep basket at her back. These are her means of existence. With her stick she searches every dust-heap; and every scrap of linen, paper, broken glass, or old iron, is carefully deposited in her basket. In the evening she gains a few pence from the *chifonier*, or rag-merchant, for her linen and paper; from the glass-houses, for the broken glass; from a smith, for the iron. The *chifonier* is often a man of substance, and on a recent occasion, when a banker's clerk carried a draft of 10,000 livres, he began to tremble for his money when he entered a poor

dirty cellar; but judge of his astonishment when he was asked whether he chose to be paid in silver or in gold, as both were equally at hand.

The poor woman gets her bread honestly, as a bird gains his livelihood by singing. She is even happier than that gentleman who eyes her with scorn from his grand equipage, and who leaves the Treasury with some anxiety, as a suspicion has been hinted concerning his accounts. He is a commissary, and so great a worker of miracles, that he has more than once put five thousand men in his pocket.

Such is perhaps the lowest state of existence next to beggary. But beggars are not always poor, as trivial examples evince. I was told the following by an American refugee, as having happened to one of his acquaintance; but if it be an old dish new cooked, I can only answer for the sauce. There are both hearers and readers who delight to appear wise by saying, "I know it. I have heard it before." In fact, all our jests and jokes, and many of our popular stories, may be found in the proverbs, or in the apophthegms of the ancients, collected by Erasmus; and there is nothing new under the sun. I well knew the "Joe Millar Club," so called as *lucus à non lucendo*; for a copy of Joe Millar's Jests, richly bound, lay on the table, and if any member pretended to say a good thing, and it was found to be in that collection, he was fined in two bottles of wine. Yet the unlucky joker might have been original, and might have said, with the ancient, *pereant qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt*!—To my story.

An American refugee, going often to the Treasury to support his claims, always gave silver to a venerable old beggar who swept the crossing at Spring Garden. But after some time he passed repeatedly without such liberality, and the beggar reminding him of his former bounty, he explained that his means had utterly failed. The old man, who had been affected by the respectable appearance of the young stranger as much as by his liberal spirit, requested him to call at such a number in an obscure street in the city, next Sunday forenoon, when a

scheme would be proposed for his advantage. He went, from mere idleness and curiosity, and a door on a fourth floor was opened by a very decent young woman, who showed him into a snug little room, where he found the old man no longer a beggar, but dressed in his Sunday clothes. The scheme was soon proposed and accepted, being the marriage of the American with the young woman, his only child, with a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds. A neat little dinner, a tankard of porter, and a bottle of wine, were served by the blooming bride, at a time when humility was regarded as the bride's-maid of modesty, and before airs of pride were often assumed, from the consciousness of want of worth. But the old man found himself miserable without his favourite trade, to which all the remonstrances of the happy pair could not prevent his recourse.

Another mode of livelihood arises from poking in the street for old nails, and sometimes luckily a horse-shoe; more lucrative than the similar pursuits of some antiquaries, great dealers in old iron and brass. There is also another economical way of existence, by remaining in jail at the expense of one's creditors; but the confinement is bad for the health, even when it is relieved by air and exercise at a cart's tail. A man must be as naked of wisdom as a frog is of feathers to choose such a method of enjoying life. Yet a man of sense and learning showed a similar disposition by choosing to lodge and board in a private mad-house—a caprice of the most extraordinary kind. Perhaps he had the benevolent intention of disclosing the secrets of those foul abodes of oppression and misery. I once rented a house which had belonged to a Shakspeare, a collateral descendant of the great bard. A base virago of a mistress, who had two daughters, prevailed on the father to send his son, a fine youth of eighteen, to a private mad-house, where he soon died of anguish; so that the two illegitimate children inherited a fair estate in houses near London. I have read his little journal, kept in the mad-house, with tears. It was his unnatural father who was really mad, or quite bewitched, by the delusions of an artful sorceress.

An authoress of some note is said to exist comfortably upon means procured from a worthy old lady, whom she tenderly and sentimentally rewarded by sending her to a private mad-house, where she allows her forty pounds out of four hundred a year. Sentiment for ever ! A modern novel could not exist without it ; and romances and millinery are now the chief branches of female trade.

Women, being weaker, have greater powers of persuasion than men ; nature serving the defect, as hares and other timid animals display the greatest variety of stratagems. I have known an old maid so much improve her new acquaintance with a worthy family as to sport with the daughter, a rich widow dying of a consumption, at a new game, the making of wills. She wrote in one room, and the widow in another adjoining, each formally leaving to the other all she was worth. In consequence of this trick, worthy of the gallows, the old one seized a considerable property, the sole education of a little girl, with an adequate pension, and even the clothes and jewels, which were however restored to appease the astonished family, who threatened a law-suit.

For the honour of humanity let us hope that the present age is not so depraved as the last ; yet it must in truth be owned, that in all classes of society fraud and deception prevail to an alarming extent. The Dutch say that nothing so much resembles an honest man as a scoundrel ; but it is cruel to be forced to be upon one's guard against the amiable artlessness of the fair sex. Sometimes, however, their stratagems cannot be blamed. An old Italian, on his deathbed, left little to his widow except a fine horse and a favourite cat ; desiring, however, that the horse might be sold, and the price employed in masses for his soul. The widow sends the horse and the cat to market, with an injunction to sell the horse for a crown, but not except the purchaser also bought the cat, valued at four hundred crowns. In this way she honestly got the money for her own use.

This was at a time when, by a sacrilegious perversion, a

rich man could not die without being surrounded with covetous priests and monks begging "for our poor convent," while they were wallowing in all the wealth of a country. A rich proprietor near Lyons was on his deathbed, from a sudden attack of palsy, when his son, a tall, stout colonel of dragoons, arrived on the spur from his garrison. He finds at the bed-side a Franciscan friar and a notary. His father could not speak, but nodded, from the effect of the disease. "You leave," says the friar, "to our poor convent, your estate of —, with all the appurtenances?" A nod. "Notary, observe the consent, and write.—You leave to our poor convent your house here at Lyons, with all the plate and furniture?" A nod. "Notary, observe the consent, and write.—You leave to our poor convent your farm at —, with all the arrears?" A nod. "You leave to our poor convent——" The officer lost all patience. "My dear father, do you order me to throw this thief from the window?" A nod. "Notary, observe, and write." Said and executed, while the notary was glad to escape.

Unhappily the same spirit, and which, of all others, has the most degraded and eradicated the catholic religion, still prevails in France.

Dicite, pontifices, in sacro quid facit aurum?

A worthy youth has just told me with tears the following instance. His mother, a devout widow, had, as a resource in case of necessity, by the failure of other means, amidst such frequent revolutions, lodged eight thousand francs with a notary, leaving the interest to accumulate, so that the sum was twelve thousand when the notary became bankrupt. Distracted by his mother's sorrow, he made every possible exertion to relieve her mind, and discovered, by the merest accident, that a merchant owed nineteen thousand francs to the fraudulent bankrupt, who had concealed this debt in the statement of his affairs. The merchant being threatened on account of this collusion, was glad to pay the twelve thousand, which the young man carried with great delight to his mother. The day after, when he en-

tered, he met a pious friend of hers, a second Tartuffe, who was carrying off the whole sum. The mother was rather downcast, but at last said, "Be not concerned, my son, for I have made heaven our friend. The good man has just painted in such glowing colours the merits of an hospital which he is about to found, that I could not refuse him this money, which he clearly showed must have been so providentially redeemed for this very purpose." It is needless to add, that this pretender to sanctity has neither means nor intention of building an hospital. He belongs to a class of modern Pharisees, who are much less numerous at present than they were during the last two centuries, but who have done as much injury to the interests of true religion, as the deists, the atheists, the epicureans, and all the motley host of its avowed enemies. These hypocrites, who have been emphatically denominated wolves in sheeps' clothing, stand charged with the accursed offence of preying on the benevolence of sincere Christians, and of perverting the offerings of charity to their own selfish purposes, than which no sin can be more odious in the sight of Heaven. They throve prosperously among the puritans during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, and their groveling craft afforded abundant matter for the pungent satire of Butler; but though they suffered severely from the castigation of his unsparing rod, they did not wholly abandon their calling, which has been carried to a great pitch of refinement by their successors. A modern writer relates, that within his own remembrance there lived a saintly adventurer of this stamp, a very type of Doctor Cantwell, who added impudence to hypocrisy, and who, while affecting a contempt for worldly wealth, contrived to accumulate a substantial fortune by cajoling the self-love, and imposing on the credulity of his auditors. While exercising his spiritual functions, it was his practice, during his early career, to enumerate all his earthly necessities; and these appeals to the hearers, or as he impiously called them, these drafts on his banker, were generally answered by some valuable consideration or other; such as a loaf of sugar, a chest of tea, or a suit of apparel. But this instance of pre-

sumption, lamentable as it is, has been since eclipsed, by that of an infatuated sybil, who deluded herself and her followers with the notion that she was the precursor and harbinger of the millenium. The particulars of this blasphemous pretension are well enough remembered, and are indeed too disgusting to be detailed. They would have disgraced the most superstitious people in the darkest age; what then will be said of them by posterity, when it is recorded that they belong to the annals of a protestant country, gifted with all the moral and intellectual advantages of this enlightened age! Ere we reproach other nations with their excessive credulity, and their superstitious abuse of religion, we should consider the notorious absurdities which fanaticism has produced among ourselves, and be satisfied that our own eyes are clear, ere we venture to pluck out the mote that injures the vision of our neighbours.

These examples have led me beyond my purpose; yet what more important in life than religion, the very bond of society? In pursuing these fugitive sketches, their relation to my chief object, the grand doctrine of frugality, must always merit attention. A worthy curate gave a good example of this virtue, for, having praised a cask of wine sent to him as a present, and offered a bottle to a neighbour, he was surprised when a clown brought a glass jar capable of containing four quarts. Stepping aside, he slipped a pebble into the vast bottle, and desired the clown to wash it at the well, as it was not quite clean. In washing and shaking the bottle, the pebble split it into fragments. "No matter," says the curate, "I shall lend you one of mine;" and producing a half-pint, he not only saved his wine, but checked the other's greediness.

Yet clowns have been found as shrewd as curates, as the following story, told by the famous D'Aubigné, will evince. Maturin Biraud, a rich peasant, had wasted all his property in a lawsuit, by the advice of Chesnevert, a lawyer of Nyort. About to leave the country, in order to avoid his creditors, Biraud goes in tears on a Saturday evening to the lawyer's house, and throwing his hat on the ground, as in despair, says

he is come to bid a last adieu, and at the same time to beg him to sell in his absence the only bit of land he has left; but excellent, in a very quiet neighbourhood, and protected by a wall of seven feet in height. "Indeed! indeed!" says the lawyer, whose cupidity was excited; "but why not sell it to me, as you have sold all the rest?" The clown replied, that he had reserved it as his last resource, but was now forced to sell; and that another was in treaty, because when he wanted, a few days ago, to borrow four francs of him, Chesnevert, the answer was, that he had not a farthing in the world. How then could he pay four hundred francs, the sum demanded for this fine field? "It is here in the house," says the greedy lawyer; and, to tempt Biraud, he opens an iron chest, and displays the money on the table. "If it were not for my distress," the peasant observed, "I would not take less than five hundred," and again shed tears. The lawyer meantime was drawing a deed of sale, which was regularly signed and witnessed; Biraud, after an exact description of the boundaries, informing him that he would find the titles among his other papers, which had all been long in the lawyer's possession. "I believe it," answered Chesnevert, "for I have always found you honest; but there is such a mass, that the constant hurry of my business has prevented me from much examination." The money received, the sorrowful peasant took a long leave, assuring the lawyer that he would find that never in his life had he made such a bargain. "I do believe it," said Chesnevert to his wife, after Biraud's departure; "that poor simpleton has always sold me his land at half-price."

Impatient to see their new purchase, the lawyer and his wife next day, Sunday, rode over to St. Remi, in which parish the field lay. Arm in arm they afterwards walked to the church porch, where was a crowd of parishioners, to get the desired information. Chesnevert, after observing that the land must be in that very neighbourhood, read the boundaries from the deed of sale. All were puzzled, till, after half an hour's

discussion, an old farmer advanced, with his thumb stuck into his leathern girdle. "Measter, our laawer, I douten that Maturin ha' gotten the better o' ye this bout."—"How so? how so?" says the chop-fallen Chesnevert. "In sooth, measter, it seems unto me that he has souden ye our churchyard." Which, after ample and minute examination, was found to be the case.

A man of genius finds resources even in daily occurrences. Ariosto, the great poet, when he could not afford to buy partridges, used to lard and roast turnips in their place, and enjoyed this self-deception. Another poet, pretending to cook for himself, had thrown so much salt into a pie that it was not eatable. This son of thrift found, however, an expedient; for boiling some rice, he found the two, mixed together, very palatable. An Italian abbé, in extreme poverty, entered a cottage, and begged the mistress to fry him an egg. When this operation was performing, he carelessly stirred the egg with his cane, and behold it increased to a large omelet! The astonished old woman ran out, calling "a miracle! a miracle!" and all the village was filled with busy hums of the new saint. Not a cottager who did not beg his benediction, and present his offering. The new saint lived long and well upon his reputation, which was merely acquired by a hollow cane filled with yolk of egg, and which escaped on turning a screw.

A precept of thrift of daily use, especially among travellers, is not to show money. Poor Winkelman, a German enthusiast in ancient art, fell a sacrifice to the want of this precaution, having been so unadvised as to show gold coins to a stranger, a villain. Never display notes or gold, even before servants. It may be doubted whether it belong to true frugality to lay in a store of articles, even at a low price; for the quantity is a temptation both to waste and theft: while there is little, nothing can be taken. An old Greek philosopher, when a thief entered by night his poor habitation, raised himself quietly on his bed to observe the researches of the

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ROAST AND BOILED AT TWO PENCE A HEAD.

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intruder, and at last exclaimed, "Friend, you will be very lucky if you find any thing here by night, while I can find nothing by day."

It is to be regretted that public rewards are not appointed for those who invent new means of thrift, and punishments for those who find new ways and means of extravagance. This is not one of the idle questions discussed by grammarians, as what leg Æneas used first when he landed in Italy, which, after disputes of many years, was solved by a solemn decision of the Sorbonne, that he jumped from the ship. Others of equal weight were, Of the eyes of Alexander the Great, was the right a grey one, and the left hazle, or was the left grey, and the right hazle? What airs were the Syrens accustomed to sing?

By what singular bent is the human mind so intent on frivolity and inanity, while objects "of daily use in common life" are neglected?

There are other strange contrasts in our modes of existence. Compare a luxurious feast at the Mansion-house with the four-penny ordinary at St. Giles's, where a ladder was set and taken away, that the guests might not escape without payment, and a large shock-dog served to wipe the hands upon, there being neither table-cloth nor napkins. Garrick tells us, in one of his epilogues, of an honest Irishman who set up a board, "An ordinary every day. Roast and boiled at two-pence a head." Enter, potatoes dressed each way.

"But soon he found, poor Peter Kelly!

There was no joking with the belly."

Formerly in Guelderland the table-cloth used to be nailed to the table; a practice, perhaps, less cleanly than at St. Giles's.

But the strongest contrasts of human life are supplied by the three great calamities, war, famine, pestilence. Famine is reserved for a separate lesson, as an awful teacher of frugality. Pestilence is happily now little known in Europe; and those who desire to form just ideas of it are referred to Defoe's fami-

liar account of the plague in London, 1666, or the more recent history of the plague in Marseilles, 1720, where it was introduced by a single vessel from Syria, which, by a most culpable negligence, eluded the quarantine. If I remember right, about eighty thousand perished in a few weeks. In the last frenzy of the disease the infected rushed into the streets, which became strewed with dead bodies in the most horrible distortions of limbs and features; nor for some days was even resolution enough left to bury them. At length a brave officer, risking his life, caused them to be thrown into a vast vault, of Roman architecture, near the citadel; and the walls of this place of sepulture are still shown to the inquiring traveller, exhibiting a sad memento of the calamity. Galley-slaves were afterwards forced to bury the dead in large pits in the environs; but that supply was soon exhausted, as they seldom survived two days, and it was necessary to impress repeated relays of peasants. Two learned physicians decided, from Hippocrates, that vast fires should be lighted to purify the air. All Marseilles seemed in flames, and the effect from the harbour was horribly sublime. But so different is theory from practice, that the pestilence increased, and the want of wood for firing was added to the general distress. I have read in some old Italian author that, during the most terrible pestilences, the inhabitants of the tanneries always escaped. May this hint lead some able investigator to a preventive!

The account of the plague of Marseilles terminates in a truly French manner, by some family anecdotes, clothed in the shape of novels. It should have closed with prayers and thanksgivings, as it would become the piety of a great nation to celebrate the anniversary of the purification of London. To evince that such chastisements are not forgotten may be regarded as an intercession with Heaven against their return. The good bishop of Marseilles, celebrated by Pope, neither spared his purse nor person, visiting the sick in dens of infection. One old man he found, whose face was frightfully disfigured

by the effect of the pestilence. The bishop waited on him personally, and had the merited comfort of restoring him to health, while his alms supplied all necessities. Contrast an old French bishop, with a modern ecclesiastical upstart, pacing the smooth road to preferment with a golden cross at his breast! If this be a sure mark of christianity, it is the only one which some of them possess. It was, I believe, the *good* bishop of Marseilles (mark the terrible weight of the epithet), who, having attained the great age of ninety-three, was ordered to court, by the curiosity of Louis XV.; a prince accustomed both to do and say foolish things, and lost in brutal satisfactions, because he had not the soul of a man, far less of a magistrate. The venerable bishop enters the levee-chamber, in his simple garment and white hairs—the snow of innocence as well as of age.

King. I am informed you are very old.

Bishop. Sire, I have passed my ninety-second year.

King (turning round.) Then you cannot have long to live.

A slight flush passed over the bishop's cheek at this unexpected reception; and, as such an age has survived fear, he also turned round to gain the door, exclaiming aloud, *Voilà un garçon mal élevé!* “What an ill-bred boy that is!”

As to war, by a singular chance I have been in the midst of a battle; that which immediately preceded the second capitulation of Paris, in July, 1815. Passing to France, to pursue a necessary research, in February that year, when royalty was thought to be firmly fixed, I took a tower at Clamart, near Meudon, formerly the favourite habitation of the celebrated poet Delille, charmingly situated in a *parc*, or rather *ferme orneé*, of forty-six acres, vineyard, fields of all kinds of grain, kitchen garden four acres, infinite walls, covered with all kinds of fruit, fishpond, rocks, rivulets, &c. The view from the tower extended about twenty miles in every direction, except towards the forest of Meudon, on the south-west. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villas had retired to Paris, having experienced the war of the first capitulation; but I with great wisdom,

forsooth, remained, as I could not conceive it possible that the most foolish government would attempt with forty thousand men to defend Paris against the allies, who had three hundred thousand. My old maid-servant had been alarmed for some days, and was always bringing fresh reports that German scouts had been seen in the forest, and the like; but was consoled by my usual quotation from *Malbrouc*, *Mon page, mon beau page, quelles nouvelles apportez?* But she no longer laughed when a French officer, riding across the fields and vineyards late in the evening to request a glass of wine and water, told her that we had better quit, as there would be hot work around us on the morrow. I was however reading and making extracts in my chamber (the Prussian general Steinmitz afterwards laughingly put me in mind of Archimedes), when the battle began at Sevres, under my windows, though distant three miles, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the French being on my side, and the Germans beyond. The firing of the musquetry seemed to proceed from companies of fifty at a time, and was incessant every minute for twelve hours, while the cannon roared every ten minutes, the balls being very visible. A rising ground near Sevres was warmly contested, and the village suffered greatly.

The French slowly and gradually retreating, two pieces of cannon, which they had placed in the forest under the castle of Meudon, began to fire upon the Germans; but were either found to be ill placed, or were not well served. The vineyards between me and the river Seine concealing the retreat of the French towards Issy, the cloth was laid for dinner, when of a sudden two cannon-balls came hissing by my windows, and scooped a long tract in the ground and gravel walks. My sensation was not precisely fear, but a kind of horror at finding myself in the very midst of bloodshed. These balls proceeded from two cannons placed by the French on the hill of a windmill about two hundred yards to the north of my tower. Snatching the more valuable papers, I called to the maid, who

was in a separate kitchen on the opposite side, to run to the *basse-cour*, keeping through the trees. I soon followed, and sent up a stout young gardener to the tower for my little dinner, which was ready. The *basse-cour* was on the opposite side of the park, distant about a quarter of a mile, being a large square of farm offices ; but on one side were five neat chambers, used for guests at the *chateau* or villa close by, when already filled. By the by, the chateau had been tenanted for three years by Clarke, duke of Feltre, minister of war, who used, for quiet and secrecy, to retreat to the tower (called *le pavillon Delille*), where he wrote his despatches that agitated all Europe in the very chamber where Delille wrote his charming verses, and I wrote detestable nonsense.

Some windows of the *basse-cour* looked into the main street of the village of Clamart (of about three hundred and fifty hearths), and about seven o'clock I was called to a garret window to see the Prussians march through the town in pursuit of the French. They walked hastily, in gray uniforms, and in rows of eight or ten, nearly the breadth of the street. All silent in the village, except the heavy tread of their feet ; but the firing towards Paris was incessant, and continued always the same till even the twilight failed, about eleven o'clock at night. It was so near that it seemed as if the cannon-balls might strike on the *basse-cour* ; and at the first peep of dawn it recommenced, and continued for about two hours, when all was silent. Paris had surrendered, after a most idle struggle, in which this part of the environs suffered a damage, by the destruction of trees and walls, irreparable for many years.

The field of battle is fatal to the combatants, the consequences to the environs. As our happy islanders have scarcely a conception of this calamity, it becomes the more new in these little sketches of life. I prefer the first person to the third, not from silly vanity, but because it is more impressive, and the evidence of an eye-witness is far more interesting than that of a circumlocutory narrator.

Next morning I was preparing to regain my tower, thinking all was over, when an aide-de-camp arrived, and desired to inspect and prepare the tower, as it would be preferred by the Prussian commander to the *chateau*, which was in a low situation; while from the tower he could descry the whole country, and even review an army. I told him I was an Englishman, who rented the tower as a retirement for study, and would even appeal to the awful name of Wellington: but as he assured me that it was only for a few days, and that the residence of the general was even a favour, as the proprietor might be certain that not a straw would be found missing, I was forced to assent. Soon after, General Steinmitz arrived, with three equipages, a large, strong, coarse coach, a chariot, and a buggy of corresponding fabric, not to mention a large light cart for packages. I went to pay my respects, and request the general to protect my cottage and effects. He was a stout florid man, between forty and fifty, surrounded by young officers and aides-de-camp; and partly in bad French, and partly in worse English, expressed himself to the following purport: "Have no apprehensions: not a feather shall be missing. I have heard of you, and of your wise inspection of our battle (smiling.) Sit down, I pray you. It is the fortune of war that I beg you to be seated in your own house. Sit down here by my side, Mr. Inglander. Always glad to have an Inglander among us (the officers drew nearer, as if in approbation.) So here you were yesterday, with balls and bullets hissing about you. Are you aware, philosopher of mine, that if one head had peeped out at an open window, your tower would have been your mausoleum? It was the most distinguished object during the whole battle, both by its height and singular octagon form. Do you study astronomy?"—"Not at all."—"You were busy writing, I am told. Well for you that you did not open a window. I have studied little, but now learn that study is good for something—even in the midst of a battle! (a hearty laugh, in which he was joined by the officers and

myself.) But that is over. Here we are, and, at the head of only five thousand Prussians (looking round to the officers), we have driven before us twenty-five thousand, with the villain Van Damme at their tail. Yet these are they who have pillaged and almost ruined our dear country. The rascals have no courage except to pillage, and commit excesses unknown in regular war. Adieu ! This is a very busy time, Mr. Inspector of battles ; but my dinner hour is three, and I expect you every day while I am here"—(shaking my hand.)

The *basse-cour* offered a very different scene. About two hundred poor women and children had fled to it as a refuge under my windows, and the cries of the children continued even by night. All eatables were seized by the Prussian soldiers, and my cook-maid had nothing to dress but rice and milk, having narrowly escaped the bayonet in stealing one of her own fowls. Trees were cut down to get at the fruit, though garden-ladders abounded in the grounds ; and a favourite breakfast of the officers was green peaches rolling in a bowl of wine, for all the best cellars for miles around were broken open and ransacked for the officers' table. Next day the distress began to be universal, and the curate intreated me to speak to the general to send him one slice of bread. Some inhabitants had lodged effects in the deep winding stone-quarries ; with others the rapine was extreme, and even feather-beds were cut to form trowsers. Money was of no use, as nothing could be bought for the poor crowd in the *basse-cour* except table-beer, which was despised by the Prussians. Tired of such scenes, and of the constant monotony of the muster-roll, morning and evening, under my bed-room, I earnestly wished to go to Paris, a distance of two leagues ; but the general assured me that it was impossible, even with a guard, as the troops spread all over the country were of various nations, and a fatal mistake might occur. He assured me at the same time that in two days all the posts would be arranged, when he would proceed to the capital himself, and take me with him. I often spoke for the

poor villagers, many of whom I knew ; and it is incredible what honest, simple creatures they mostly were, there being no highway in that direction, so that they remain as if two hundred leagues from Paris. The answer was, " Fortune of war : if you had only seen the ravages in our country ! Besides, I am told that a shot was fired from a window when my men passed through. If so, the village might be burnt by all the rules of the fairest war." I assured him to the contrary, as I saw the whole, and there was the deepest silence, so that if even a small pistol had been fired I must have heard it. The village was saved ; but how easily this pretext might have served a leader of a worse heart ! Such is war, which is the reign of force over justice.

On the fourth day, as the general still delayed his departure, a Prussian officer lent me his war-buggy, the mayor of the village was ordered to impress a horse, and I set off, accompanied by a serjeant, responsible for my safe arrival at Paris. How the face of the country was changed ! Corn trampled, vines destroyed, fine avenues of young trees broken down for fire-wood to dress the soldiers' messes, high walls partly destroyed or pierced in loop-holes for musquetry, shops all shut up and abandoned, all the signs of the public-houses carefully effaced, not a single traveller ; in a word, the houses seemed so many tombs, and the desolation and silence were terrific. At every hundred yards were piquets of four or six soldiers (their musquets apart, leaning on each other), who sometimes questioned us, sometimes only answered to the nod of my conductor. At the barriers attempted two, and almost despaired of passing, as at one they were removing a double row of huge hogsheads filled with manure, surmounted by a third, to defend the entrance of the city : at another, the national guard was retiring to make room for the Germans. But on entering Paris, what another change ! Shops all open, streets full of curious tattlers and spectators ; in a word, as if nothing had happened. But the large square before the Tuilleries soon filled with German

troops, who remained many days ready for action, their horses tied to the iron railing, cooking their victuals, and sometimes looking with cold indifference upon Bonaparte's triumphal arch and brazen car of victory. A more singular reverse of fortune, a stranger contrast of human life, has never occurred.

Such are the consequences of war, a most important and calamitous scene of our existence. If an eye-witness has been forced to speak of his little self, it is hoped the superior veracity and interest will plead his excuse. I confess I love these personalities, which rarely occur in classical composition, and read with peculiar pleasure those passages of Montaigne which relate to his personal habitudes. "What is it to me," roars Joseph Scaliger, "that Montaigne loved white wine?" Hark ye, Joseph, my lad, I learn more from a page of his Essays than from your vast folio *De Emendatione Temporum*, which would only cram my memory with idle subtleties and laborious errors. I myself, in my old age, love white wine, and if any rich reader will send a cask of Madeira to my booksellers for me, it will be very acceptable. The first glass shall be to his health, in the most complimentary form that my gratitude can devise.

In war, and in most other situations, coolness is of great consequence. The *sang-froid* of the French is excellent in playing any game. As it gives an air of dignity, while all the passions tend to personal degradation, it has even been affected by men of fashion; but the reality was never better evinced than in the following instance. The chancellor of France dying suddenly of an apoplexy at midnight, it became necessary instantly to name a successor, as a grand bed of justice was to be held next day. After a hasty council of ministers, an eminent lawyer was named, roused from his bed, and all the formalities expedited before seven in the morning. Returning to breakfast, he found his brother, an idle man, who lived on his fortune, smoking his pipe by the fire-side. *Ch.* Good morrow, brother. No answer.—*Ch.* Great news, brother. No answer.—*Ch.* The chancellor died last night. *Br.* (*hemming*) What then?—*Ch.* And I am appointed in his place. No

answer.—*Ch.* I am telling you, my dear brother, that I am lord high chancellor of France. *Br. (hemming again)* Well, brother, I would rather you than me.—And he continued to smoke his usual time.

LESSON V.

CURES FOR CARE.

MONEY, at least among the greater part of mankind, is the chief source of care, and thrift affords the surest means of cure. But many are the other cares and anxieties, pains and sorrows, that perplex and fatigue our “frail and feverish being.”

The most infallible cure for care or grief is the change of place. New scenes and new intercourse give rise to new ideas, and even fresh and unexpected vexations overwhelm the memory of the former, though far more heavy.

By habitual exertion this change of ideas may be commanded without change of place. “Avoid any thoughts of it,” is a homely advice in misfortune. This faculty the barbarians of Chili emphatically call “changing the mind,” while with us the same phrase only implies another direction of the intentions. In Robinson Crusoe we find an English proverb:

In trouble to be troubled
Is to have your trouble doubled.

D'Aubigné, in his eightieth year, and with much experience of every scene of life, informs us that sadness amidst misfortunes is as much out of place as fear amidst dangers. No man had ever encountered more dangers or contrarieties, as appears from the celebrated *Memoirs of his own Life*; and a plain precept of his practice is worth all the gaudy maxims of Seneca, and even Cicero's declamation *De Consolatione*, if it were extant. That orator bore his exile with much pusillanimity; but perhaps he was in bad health at the time, which makes a great difference, as the animal spirits influence the mind. A brave and even rash French officer having been blooded often and



THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF FRANCE.

Designed and Etched by C. R. Smith, shazak.

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largely for a violent fever, became afterwards the greatest coward in the army. Another reason against the indulgence of sorrow, which, by occasioning disease, will render us still more incapable of bearing up against the enemy.

Hudibras, in his burlesque calamities,

Consoled himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.

Such are in the mellifluous language of Virgil:

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

O, passi graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem.

But this mode of consolation dwells on the subject, while the main point is to divert the current of ideas.

The sight of tranquillity also contributes as a cure for care. A sleeping babe will appease the sorrowful mother by a kind of sympathy, and even the repose of household animals influences the feelings. When I see my little linnet, who is now singing on my shoulder, retire to his cage, and go to sleep with his head under his wing, I feel a soothing sensation even in the wish for a similar quiet and absence of all care.

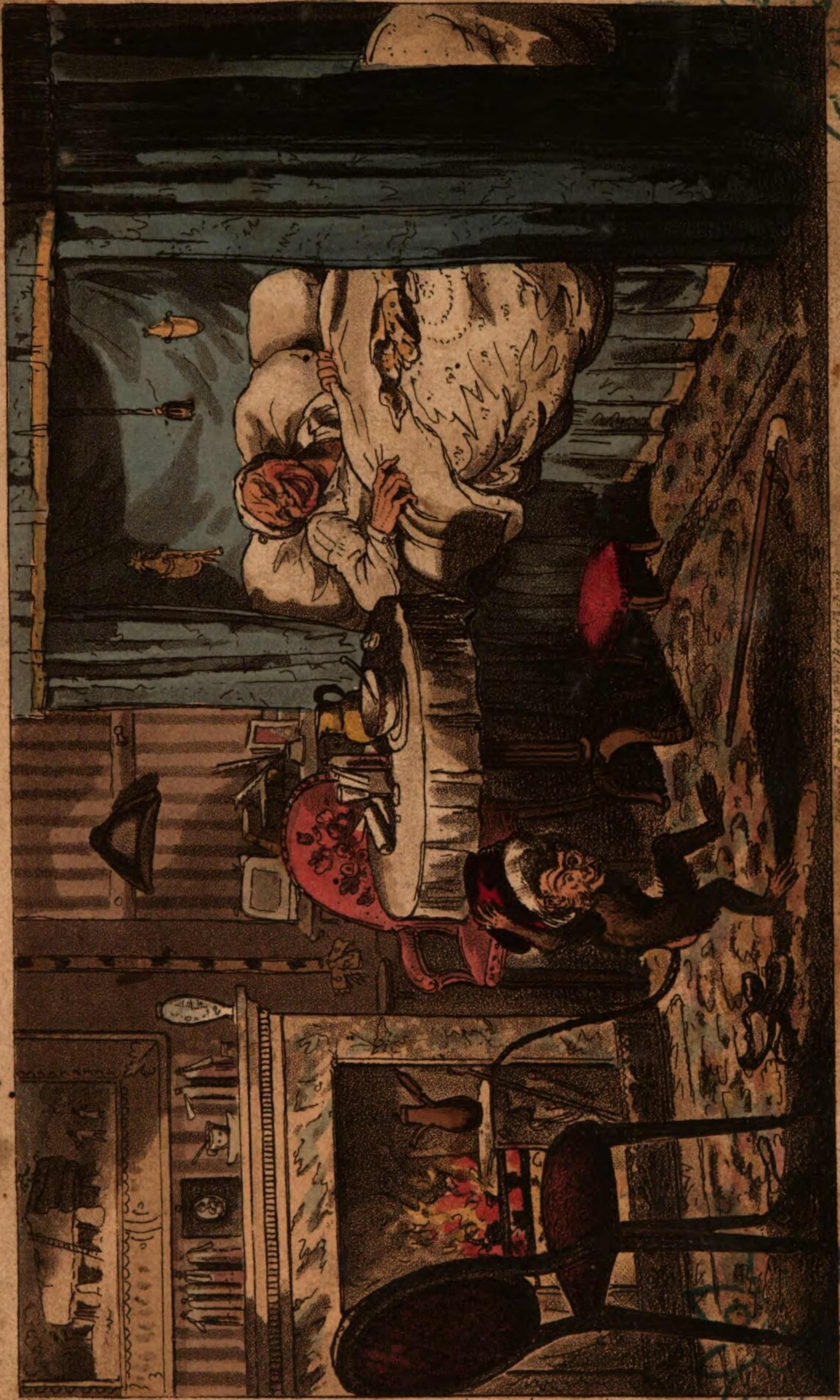
As if nature intended a hint against the fear of death, we die daily in sinking into that non-existence called sleep, a singular and striking transition in the animal creation; perhaps, however, not extended to fish, for certainly, after a hundred observations, a gold-fish in a glass jar always under my eye never sleeps, but is as active every hour of the night as through the day. But sleep, the greatest refreshment of fatigued mortality (whose chief comforts are to be found in allotting to our various avocations and pleasures their proper portion of time, not retaining from Morpheus that which is his due) is apt to fly from the couch of care. There have been rare instances of men who could sleep whenever they chose; but, in general, sleep cannot be commanded; and, as the poor negro said to his master when he fell asleep from fatigue, "Massa, massa, sleep have no massa." This *blessing* (for refreshment is a blessing) is sometimes capricious, when the more anxiously it is courted, the more shy it becomes. Experience teaches that it may

sometimes be superinduced by drinking a glass of cold water, or by fixing the attention in the recollection of objects which excite no passion whatever, such as a series of paintings or of prints imagined in their exact succession with all the objects represented. The wonders of nature afford good subjects for *il bel riposo*, and he who has not fallen asleep over her inexhaustible treasures may pass on to the contemplation of the works of art.

As sleep consumes nearly half of our existence, it has become a question whether an unfortunate person, who has pleasant dreams, be not on a par with one happy by day, but who has dreadful nights. In somnambulism one may be said to be neither asleep nor awake. Occurrences have happened that persons have actually performed things in their sleep, while under the impression of a dream, with the same precision and exactness which they would have done waking; and being the next morning questioned on the subject, have confessed that they had dreamt of such matters. The powers of our imagination, while our bodies are dormant, being in a great measure beyond the reach of our control, we cannot be considered to be wholly responsible for the deeds we perform under such circumstances; but will not our general temper of mind and habits of action have some influence over us even while wrapped in the arms of sleep? Great allowance certainly should be made for difference of constitutions.

There are minds so happily composed as to live without care, and who, without demanding the watchword, say *pass!* to all sorrows, whether stragglers, or in bands. This habitual cheerfulness is strongly recommended by that eminent Platonician, Marsilius Ficinus, in his curious treatise "On Life." "Live merrily," says he; "Heaven has created you in gladness, else laughter would not be peculiar to man. Cheerfulness is the best handmaid of life . . . and in order to live without care, be not even careful to be happy, for that one care is more injurious than any other."

Laughter has even dissipated disease and preserved life by



Designed and Etched by J. R. Smith del.

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a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus laughed so heartily at the satire by Reuchlin and Hutton, called *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* (an ironical imitation of the monkish Latin of the time), that he broke an apothume, and recovered his health. In his singular treatise "On Laughter," Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room, jumping up, discovered the goblet, and having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again putting only his tongue, he perceived some sweetness of the dissolved manna, while the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous potion, that after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he grinded his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that the sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to that of health.

A similar accident of an ape occurred in Joubert's own town of Montpellier. A foreign physician being supposed at the point of death, the first care of his servants was to seize his spoils. The ape, faithful to his character of imitation, could find nothing except his master's bonnet of ceremony, red velvet lined with fur. In this new attire he assumed such airs, and such admiration of his own importance in life, that the repeated laughter of his master removed an obstruction of the spleen, the only cause of his malady.

As the first effusion of tears is hailed as a relief of nature under sudden and great calamity, so laughter is still a surer cure for care than for disease. But preventives are always the safest and most effectual; and in this view thrift will serve to counteract the anxieties of care.

LESSON VI.

OSTENTATION.

IF we reflect upon our daily expenses, we shall find that perhaps one-half proceeds more from ostentation than from necessity. A French writer observes, that when he dines at an eating-house, one dish would suffice for his appetite; but he has two others, that spectators may suppose him accustomed to live well.

The great and rich have a title to ostentation; but many who are only in easy circumstances keep more servants than are necessary, merely to be regarded as richer than they are. Yet the old observation is very just, that if you have one servant, you are served; if two, you are half served; if three, you may serve yourself. Their time is occupied in cards and scandal, particularly of their master and mistress. One would think it sufficient to render scandal unfashionable, when it is observed that it is a servile practice. An old maid in a kitchen will beat all the ladies in their drawing-rooms.

Let us keep to our text. How often has ostentation conducted to bankruptcy! A little tradesman, even a waiter at a tavern, must on a Sunday parade in his own gig, emphatically styled by Lord Mansfield a bankrupt cart. It is so vulgar to walk, that many a rich man has lost the use of his limbs. A friend of mine being obliged to lay down his three carriages, soon acquired fresh health by exercise on foot. I have, however, heard of an author occupied in a large work, who said, "he could not afford to walk;" and he spoke truly; for half the time, which was precious, would convey him in a hackney-coach. Motives do not appear, and one man gains where another loses.

Yet what would life be without its little vanities and observances? Man would be a poor, naked animal, as our great poet has observed. To save appearances is praiseworthy, and yet more that honest pride that scorns a base action, however concealed from other eyes. We joke, but still respect a member of our club who cheapens partridges, but contents himself with a dish of potatoes. He is not one of those who would set fire to the house in order to boil an egg; or break his neck by keeping a proud horse, with the consolation of hearing his neighbours say, "Much good may it do you."

LESSON VII.

SERVANTS.

THE military service, of late years, has taught many people to serve themselves; not only a great lesson of economy, but very useful in saving time and temper. One never waits for one's-self (the master is oftener man in waiting than the servant), nor scolds one's-self; and when one attends to one's-self, the attendance is always at hand. Consider also the exercise and the health.

But if a servant be necessary from habitude, it is a frugal practice that two masters have only one servant. Their hours should, of course, be different, especially their meals, for we shall suppose them able to take off and put on their own clothes. Nor do I wonder at that Italian clown, who being hired as valet-de-chambre by a learned and rich doctor, and desired, as the first service, to assist him in dressing, burst into a horse-laugh, and said, "Comical enough! Even the children in our village can dress themselves, and here is a great man of forty years, who cannot put on his own clothes!"

It is a dilemma in household affairs, whether to choose a dupe or a duper. I rather incline to the latter, for he is content to cheat you himself, and it is his interest to prevent others from interfering in his gains, while a dupe is constantly cheated at your expense. The want of quickness of comprehension in the latter character is also very troublesome, as was found by a member of our society, who is often confined by the gout, without any scandal, however, to the club, as it is hereditary; so that the old canon of the church is quite unjust when it excommunicates all who will venture to say that a bishop has the gout. *Si aliquis dixerit episcopum podagra laborare, anathema sit.* No scandal, I repeat, to our club; for the gout was bequeathed to our worthy member by the *will* of a drunken grandfather. Tired of the tricks and want of attachment in town-servants, he writes to a friend, a country squire, and is provided with a lad highly recommended for honesty and fidelity. He arrives, and is summoned to his master's bed-room. "My lad, I am ill with the gout; so shall content myself with one lesson at this time. This is a wicked, cheating town; so be upon your guard. When you buy for me, never give above half what is asked." After a sleepless and painful night, our friend began to close his eyes at eight in the morning, when he was awaked by a noisy dispute in the passage. His bell summoned the cook-maid, who informed him that his new servant was jarring with the post-man, who asked fifteen pence for a letter, which Dick swore was not worth more than seven pence halfpenny. The master thus learned to his cost, that fools cannot discriminate circumstances.

Town-servants, on the contrary, deem themselves so knowing, that they fall into the opposite extreme of self-conceit and affectation. Of this there is a striking instance in Miss Edgeworth's admirable tale of *Ennui*, where a valet gives notice to quit because after three several remonstrances to the house-steward his bed-curtains did not meet at the feet. Such an instance of effrontery might appear fictitious if it were not to

be paralleled by another which recently occurred to a gentleman of rank. Being of a studious turn, it was his custom, even while taking an airing in his curricule, to amuse himself with a newspaper or a pamphlet. He was one day surprised by an intimation from his groom, who had always driven very slowly and attentively on these occasions, that he intended to seek another situation. "What is the matter, John; are you dissatisfied with your wages?"—"Quite the contrary, Sir; my appointments are extremely comfortable; but to be candid, I begin to be tired of your company: Sir, you have no conversation!" After a pause, or rather a stare, the gentleman coolly admitted that it was high time for him to suit himself with a servant who could tolerate his habitual taciturnity. He probably concluded that so much presumption argued a degree of extravagance not very compatible with honesty.

Cicero informs us, in his celebrated speech against Verres, that the faults of Roman soldiers were punished by fines. This would be a salutary practice in families; and if fashionable, would be a great check on servants at a time when checks and check-strings are much wanted. This would be a new *modus*, that is, ladies, a new mode; and our schoolmaster would then repeat, with the prebendary of Durham, who has land and fines:

Est *modus* in rebus, sunt certi denique *FINES*.

There is a Venetian work called, "The Nine Hundred and Ninety-nine Stratagems of Women;" but those of servants cannot be counted. Swift has, in a dangerous piece of irony, for it may corrupt the honest, instructed us in not a few of these tricks. But even in the country a foolish servant will do as much harm as a knavish one, as a Hampshire farmer discovered. For the sake of economy and temperance, he was accustomed to temper the ale allowed to his reapers with small beer; but a new stupid wench having this charge while he was himself in the field, she brought and presented the enormous vase, saying, "Here, master, you drink first; for the ale" (she

had drawn it last) "is all at top." By which unlucky discovery he lost both reputation and money, being constrained by a false shame to present pure ale.

LESSON VIII.

CHEAP TRAVELLING.

THE dearness of travelling has become an object of universal complaint. All the charges have been doubled within a few years, if perhaps we except sandwiches. But, as the Save-all would rather spend contrivance than money, one of our members lighted upon a curious expedient. He was at the distance of four hundred miles from the capital, and anxious to return, when luckily a hearse arrived, with the mortal remains of a nobleman, brought down to be interred in the family vault. Bargaining with the coachman, he secured his journey at a very moderate price; and if his posture was uneasy, his pockets rejoiced. It is almost needless to add that he had room enough for some cold mutton, bread and beer, so as not to be himself devoured at the inns; his great coat serving as a bed.

Upon a different occasion a hearse served to convey a facetious companion, while the coachman might have called, "Alive! alive! all alive, ho!" Dr. Mounsey, of Chelsea college, was not upon the best terms with his wife; and to pass the time, they often amused themselves in quarrelling:—not amiss in cold weather, as it is found to save coals. One Sunday the Doctor walked to Fulham, where he was engaged to dinner; but in the evening behold a thunder-storm, with a continued torrent of rain. No sort of carriage was to be had but a return-

hearse, which he engaged to go by Chelsea. The storm having at length abated, the lady was at the window when the hearse drove up to the door. "What do you mean?" she said to the coachman. "I have brought the Doctor, madam." "Thank God!" was the reply; "now he is as he should be." The Doctor, shoving out, and finding himself upon his legs, shook his cane at his kind half, with this retort: "You jade, I shall live long to plague you, I hope."

LESSON X.

HUNGER IS THE BEST SAUCE.

Boccaccio has told us, and his tales must be valuable, as they have sold for more than two thousand pounds—*Éditio Princeps* has told us, I say, of the rich abbot of Cligni, who went to the baths of Sienna for his health, and was cured by the worthy Ghino di Tacca by the means of a medicine of sure operation and no expense. This medicine is called hunger, and is to be taken fasting. An excellent literary friend, now departed, told me he always abstained from dinner one day in the week, and the day after found himself so light and easy, that he seemed to be in heaven. If I remember right, Suetonius tells us that Vespasian enjoyed continual health from fasting one day in every month.

As habitual repletion tends to deaden the appetite, and predisposes the human frame to gout and other distressing and grievous maladies, there can be no doubt that occasional abstinence, by promoting health, while it restores the palate to its primitive relish for the simplest viands, is a duty highly incum-

bent, even on those with whom the gratifications of the table constitute no inconsiderable part of the business of life. "He who would eat much must eat little," says the Italian adage; and its truth has been practically exemplified in the lives of all those venerable men who have been distinguished for extraordinary longevity.

The abbot of Boccaccio was rivalled by another, who was treated by that able physician, or rather surgeon, Henry VIII. That monarch being one day too eager in a chase, lost his hunting party, and wandered in the forest till he luckily heard the bell of a monastery. Directing his horse that way, he soon arrived, and to his great joy it was the dinner-bell; for he had hunted and wandered till he had found a most ferocious appetite. The hospitality of our old monasteries was universal, and the abbot most kindly received his distinguished guest, whom he judged, from his plain hunting suit of Kendal green, to be some rich and worthy yeoman, once the glory of old England. Seeing him pay his repeated respects to a knight of beef, called a sirloin, for it was luckily not a meagre day, the abbot could not forbear to exclaim—"May God thrive thy noble heart! My queasy stomach refuses even this little wing of a chicken, and I would give a hundred nobles of gold to eat with thy healthy appetite." This saying was not lost, and after a cheerful glass the unknown guest departed with the good abbot's benediction.

Next day arrived an order to convey the abbot to the Tower of London, a state prison of terrible omen in that reign. As his daily allotment was bread and water, he was led to judge that malice had accused him of some crime of dire import; but as the best medicine for melancholy is gold, so the best relief from anxiety is a sound conscience. Our abbot, after a few days, recovered his spirits, and with them his appetite revived, and he began to long for solid food. Addressing his keeper, he warmly said, "It cannot be the king's intention

that I should be starved to death. Pray, my good friend, could you not venture to procure me a piece of roast beef?"—"To-morrow perhaps for dinner, your reverence," answered the keeper, who had his instructions. The merry monarch was soon informed, and appeared the next day at the abbot's dinner, which he was despatching with great keenness. "So you have found your appetite for roasted beef. Do you remember me?" The prisoner gaped and stared. "About a fortnight ago, a worthy yeoman——" "That yeoman was I. Do you know me?" The abbot fell on his knees. "Keep your engagement. A hundred nobles of gold was to be the physician's fee."—"And shall be paid, your grace" (majesty is of later date.) "Go then; thou art free, but be more frugal of thy appetite."

This story is old, and perhaps trivial; but old and worn gold is often of better alloy than the new.

Since the human mind has been exerted, that is, for three or four thousand years, men have been forced to trade upon the stock of wisdom and wit laid in by their ancestors. "There is nothing new under the sun," says the old teacher of wisdom, who at the same time gave a famous example that the theory is easier than the practice. If we read tales from the age of Homer, or wisdom and wit from that of Socrates and Aristophanes, we shall find less accession to the fund than we may imagine; and even a great part of our wit has been merged in the sinking fund, which will only be of use in a more happy generation. As to sentiment, it abounds in Virgil and Tibullus; but we are so much accustomed to shed tears over romances, that we have none left for real misery; nor is it the first time that sentiment and delicacy of language have been found to march on the same rank with hardness of heart and impurity. As to wit, if we read the Apothegms and Adages of Erasmus (which, though mere compilations, display as much as his Eulogy of Folly or his Colloquies), we shall find that there is hardly a new joke in the world, nay, even our Iricisms may be found in

Hierocles on the Folly of Scholars. Nor is it to be conceived why our honest-hearted brethren should pretend to monopolize bulls, when some good ones have been found, like truffles, under the oaks of old England. To give an example or two: A member of our club travelling westward from London, found in the stage-coach a gentleman whose head was all wrapt up. Arrive at an inn—shewn into the parlour—enter landlady, who, after a pause, said to the wounded man, with a look of great commiseration, “Pray, sir, are you the gentleman that was killed yesterday when the stage-coach overturned?” The answer was, “Yes, ma’am, I am.”

The former secretary to the Board of Agriculture, though a man of talents, was deceived into what may be called a practical bull, when, supposing the subject was the breeding of cattle, he sent, in all haste, for the “Essay on Irish Bulls,” for the use of the Board.

LESSON XI.

AN EGG IS FULL OF MEAT.

IN a certain town of Italy, where, though the houses are furnished with fine paintings, yet they are still more distinguished by the frugality of their inmates, a worthy gentleman contrived to dine his family of six persons upon one egg. The yolk was for the master and mistress, the white for two children, and two servants dipped their crusts in the broth. This lesson is so singular and laudable, that it deserves to stand by itself, like the egg of Columbus.

LESSON XII.

FAMINE.

DURING this terrible calamity the egg would have been sold for many pounds. Famine is little known in English history, except some instances by sea. The most remarkable I have read have occurred in France during the sieges of Sancerre, 1573; Paris, 1593; Rochelle, 1628. As such examples

Most feelingly persuade us what we are,
teach us duly to value the daily bread of our Heavenly Father, who does not permit a sparrow to perish, and to bless his bounties, a few extracts may instruct the provident, and terrify the profligate.

An honest and veracious protestant, Lery, whose voyage to Brazil is still esteemed for its simple sincerity, has given us an ample account of the siege of Sancerre, in which he was himself a sufferer, though taught and inured by a famine on board the ship in which he returned from Brazil, 1558*. He compares the famine with those of Jerusalem and Numantia; but at Sancerre the mother who fed on her own child was condemned to death. It began with the flesh of a horse killed by a cannon-ball, which was found so good, that horses and asses were publicly killed and sold. Nor were mules unknown in a town full of rapid ascents. In May this meat was sold at three sous a pound, but in August had risen to twenty-two sous.

* The best edition of his Voyage is the fifth, Geneva, 1611, 8vo., with many additions by himself, then, he informs us, in his seventy-eighth year. The siege of Sancerre is printed 1574, 253 pp. 8vo.

Other domestic animals were next put in requisition ; but it is needless to particularize the numerous expedients which the ingenuity of the wretched sufferers devised to avert the pressing evils of absolute famine. The prices of all kinds of provisions rapidly increased, and certain meats, which in seasons of abundance are excluded from the bill of fare of all civilized nations, were sold at twenty-five sous a pound, equal to perhaps six shillings of our modern money, and were rendered somewhat more palatable by being dressed with herbs and spices, though these stimulants, it may be supposed, were readily dispensed with by the people in general, with whom hunger would be the best sauce. Each inhabitant had only a pound of corn for a week, and even that supply soon failed, as well as the other resources, so that at length the skins of oxen, cows, sheep, were assumed as food when well scraped and washed, then minced and boiled. When any thing that would serve as dripping could be found, they were fried like tripe, especially calf-skin, which was found the most tender. Skins of horses and asses were also used, and the ears of the latter even regarded as a luxury. It was necessary to steep the skins in water for two days. At length some ingenious bellies began to think of parchment, and many manuscripts, of a hundred or a hundred and twenty years, were devoured with all their contents. A lawyer lived upon a Baldus, a physician on a Galen ; a scholar fed on the Greek and Roman classics, not sparing the majesty of Homer, the grace of Virgil, the wit of Horace, and the philosophy of Lucretius. The receipt was to steep them for a day or two, often changing the water, then shred them and boil for a whole day till they were soft, which was known when they formed a kind of glue. They were then fried as tripe, or formed with herbs and spices a kind of hotch-pot : but the soldiers greedily ate them when only broiled with the aid of tallow ; and the lamp of a philosopher would have been regarded as an excellent sauce to his book. This invention

was followed by the parchment of drums; somewhat akin; as a book and a drum are constructed in the same intention, that of making a noise in the world.

Hitherto our author is not over serious; but when he proceeds to the uttermost distress, different sensations arise. Hoofs of horses, horns of cattle, old bones in the dunghills, were gnawed as if by famished dogs. The streets were ransacked for the worst of refuse. Horns of lanterns, the bridles and harness of horses, girdles, and other leathern articles, were the luxuries of the rich. Happy were they who had small gardens, as a cabbage *leaf* was sold for four pennies. The poor sought every plant that grows; and having no other food, their dejections resembled those of horses—a singular fact in the history of man. A kind of bread was formed of the seeds of lint or of saint-foin grinded, or of herbs mingled with chaff; sometimes of cut straw steeped and pounded. Even slate was scraped, and formed a porridge with water, salt, and vinegar. Of some horses that had been spared for necessary services of war, the flesh, especially the heads and tongues, were sold at extravagant prices; and even the blood was mixed with herbs to make puddings. Some wretches, even amid this general distress, extorted heavier prices than necessary, but met with their due reward, as their houses were all pillaged when the town was forced to yield to the enemy.

Among the piteous scenes which this writer describes is the death of a little boy of ten years, whom he knew. Seeing his father and mother in tears, and rubbing his limbs, which had become as dry as wood, he said, “Why do you weep to see me die of hunger? Ye are my good father and mother, but I know ye have nothing to give me! I do not ask for bread; for you have none: but it is God’s will that I thus die, and his will cannot be opposed. That holy man Lazarus, did not he suffer hunger? Do not think that I have read my Bible for nothing.” And in thus consoling his afflicted parents the little innocent expired.

After the death of about five hundred persons by famine, the town was forced to surrender, having made so obstinate a resistance from dread of the cruelties of the catholics, their besiegers, still reeking from the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The other famines present almost a repetition of the same or similar circumstances; and it is unnecessary further to afflict the reader, who may, however, learn from these examples the value of even a daily pittance, and far more of the constant bounties of Heaven.

LESSON XIII.

THE DUTCH MERCHANT.

THE republic of Venice was in its zenith about the year 1450, before the discovery of the circuit by Africa to the East Indies, and of America, had conspired, with the league of Cambray, to produce a gradual decline. In like manner, the Seven United Provinces were at the height of their power and prosperity about 1650, before England, recovering from a destructive civil war, began to reclaim the dominion of the ocean.

But in their successful periods the private virtues had also their share, and parsimony, as usual, produced wealth and industry. In a conversation at Rotterdam this subject was discussed; and as the parties mostly imputed the decline of their republic to political causes, an opulent merchant said, that if the company would dine with him on such a day, he would convince them that there were other causes more in their power.

The invitation was accepted, and it was hoped that the merchant would explain his sentiments, by which they might improve their speculations in commerce over a glass of wine, after an elegant repast, as he was accustomed to give. But what was their surprise to find nothing on the table but salted herrings and table beer! They ate, however, a morsel in silence and dissatisfaction, which the master seemed not to observe, praying them repeatedly to eat and push the glass. At length, when they began to look at their watches, the master ordered in the dinner. At this word they brightened up, when in came a leg of mutton boiled with turnips, and a pot or two of strong beer. This dish was little more satisfactory than

the other, as they expected very different fare in such a magnificent house. There was, however, a great sacrifice of conscience and veracity in praising the mutton and the beer. But some yawned, and half the *gigot* remained even among a numerous company, when the master, seeing their distress, nodded unnoticed to an old hoary-headed domestic, who alone had appeared along with the mutton, and who stood respectfully at the sideboard to serve the bread or the beer. He went out, and the company was left to a languid conversation; their eyes saying more than their tongues.

On a sudden the folding doors opened, and a train of twelve servants entered, bearing on massy plate the choicest fish, flesh, fowl, all the delicacies of the season. Two without livery took their places behind the master; the others, in splendid uniform, behind the guests. The number of wines presented was computed at fifteen, and even the richest guests were astonished at the splendour and variety of the festival.

When an equal dessert was served, and the wine began to circulate, a prudent and wary guest thought it was time to request our opulent merchant to explain his sentiments, as he had promised. All were fixed in mute attention when he made this memorable answer: "Gentlemen, my sentiments are already explained; the lesson is already given. When our ancestors were gradually rising to wealth under the yoke of Burgundy, Austria, Spain, their frugality was contented with our first dish, and they even blessed the inventor. In their second period, when the noble house of Orange, when Maurice of Nassau was establishing our power in the East and West Indies, and commercial wealth began to overflow all our ports and canals, still habits and prudence occasioned economy, and our rich senators dined on plain mutton, and drank wholesome beer. The dinner I have had the honour to give you is a very moderate specimen of our present existence. Add the luxury and pomp of houses, furniture, and equipages, and judge, as you well can, of the difference of expense—a difference which

I will venture to say would have, even for one year, been regarded as a fortune by our bearded ancestors."

All applauded the theory, but none had the courage to practise it. Our merchant's sentiments the ancients have compressed, as usual: *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*; that is, if explained for the benefit of the country gentlemen, "Parsimony is a great revenue."

LESSON XIV.

DRESS.

THE regulations of our society are more exact with regard to food than with regard to dress; and food and clothing are all our existence demands.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.

YOUNG.

The French maxim is, that none know what you eat, but all know your dress. They are themselves, especially the middle class (the shopkeepers of Paris, for example) very abstemious in food. One day a dish of potatoes, another of haricots, which we call French beans; a bit of beef and soup on Sunday: but they eat a great deal of bread, nearly three pounds a day, each person. Drink, generally water, sometimes a brisk table beer, at threepence a bottle; the cheapest wine being sixpence. Yet in the public walks they love to appear neatly dressed, and in this respect the Tuileries vie with St. James's park.

The Scottish peasantry likewise prefer dress to food, and have a laudable ambition to appear well dressed with their families at church on a Sunday. On the contrary, it is said

that in London it is the poor who give extravagant prices for green peas and other articles on their first appearance; and I once knew a gardener who contrived to dine on a pig or a turkey every Sunday, while his wife and three children were in rags, and good clothes given by charity were sold to buy wine. His plea was, that if his children were well dressed, no presents would be made.

Our members pay a fine if there be any appearance of foppery, and any inventions to save expense are honourably mentioned. A member who contrived to convert an old rusty black coat into a new dark brown one, simply by the addition of brass buttons, was declared free for that day of his share of the reckoning—a compliment that pleased him more than if he had been applauded in the newspapers. He has a little box near town, for the sake of the garden, which yields him a primeval dinner of salad and fruits at a very cheap rate; and such is his laudable frugality, that the kitchen grate had been stolen for six weeks before it was missed.

The usual time of wearing a dress is three years; and if duly saved, by substituting a night-gown of a coarse and lasting stuff at home, and now and then only a great coat on going out, as is the Parisian fashion, it will, at the end of three years, not refuse to change parties, and if turned, will appear as new. It is true, this economy does not greatly encourage manufactures; but in this we feel no great concern, our beloved manufactures being the mint or the bank. An honest master-tailor is a member of the Save-all, and not only charges conscientiously, but has instructed some of our worthiest associates how to mend their own clothes. Far from purloining, he carefully restores the smallest fragment; quite unlike the Italian tailor, who crammed half the cloth into a little closet with a round window, which he called his *occhio*, or eye, and was always ready to swear before a magistrate that all he had taken might be put in his eye, and he see never the worse.

It is also held no disgrace to our club to admit, once or

twice a week, an honest cobbler when decently clothed. For this profession, indeed, we have such veneration, that we never pass a cobbler's stall without taking off our hats with more promptitude than if before the stall of a prebendary, or even a knight. An old English song is also a favourite of the club:

A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
Which served him for kitchen, for parlour and hall, &c.

One cause of this esteem is the singular utility of this highly honourable profession to the club; and another, the memory of that ever famous branch of our society, the club *della Lesina*, or of the *Awel*, established at Venice in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when public wars and private extravagance had conspired with the decline of commerce (which, like her mother, the wind, is always veering about) to render frugality a grand virtue. By the means of this wise institution, public and private economy preserved the republic till overwhelmed by a torrent of mere force—a tempest which the greatest empires could not resist.

Hark you, master statesman; you are at a loss for one new tax—are you not? I will tell you. Pass a sumptuary law—a tax on every new dress, whether in the masculine or feminine gender. Let it be punctually paid by the tailors and milliners. It is needless, however, to tax the ladies for *new heads*, as the old ones have been found very troublesome. Gowns are also understood to be of the feminine gender; but wigs are fair game, and ought to be taxed according to size. We all look at home, and our members only use brown bobs.

As some excellent ladies of high rank now amuse themselves in making their own shoes, so some members of our club, much reduced by fraudulent bankruptcies, are occupied in making stockings. A stocking loom costs little, especially if second-hand, and in the hands of industry will yield an income. Not only so, but the exercise is very salutary to the health, more than the turner's loom, which is a favourite with many even of the noblest class. Our ladies acted wisely to begin at

the feet, and we follow the example; for it is proper that both sexes should know upon what footing they stand.

But in speaking of dress, it must not be forgotten that a worthy curate, M. S. A. thinks himself happy in wearing black, as a little ink supplies the place of a repair. Abounding in classical learning, he never turns a coat without repeating,

In novas fert animus mutatas dicere formas.

A great emperor, no less than Charlemagne himself in person, may also give us an useful lesson on this subject, which will at the same time present a pleasing picture of those early times. For that old chronicler, the monk of St. Gall, tells us that Charlemagne being at Friuli, in Italy, and having a sudden wish for the pleasures of the chase, in order to disperse his cares, called for his horse, and invited his courtiers to follow. The request was a command, and all were eager to attend the emperor, though it was a cold and wet autumnal day. He was clothed in a warm cloak of sheep-skin, while the noblemen had just come from Pavia, whither the Venetians brought all the wealth of the East; and to appear at court, were decked in silk garments, adorned with the skins and feathers of peacocks, and other beautiful birds, then scarcely known in Europe; some even in Tyrian purple, with the richest furs. On their return, having warmed themselves around a blazing fire, they began to look at each other, and knew not whether to laugh or cry: for their fine dresses were spoiled by the wet, cracked by the fire, or torn by the branches and thorns. But at last lamenting their loss to the emperor, he answered, "Ye are all fools, and deserve your misfortune. Which is now the best and of the most value? Your clothes, which have cost you many pounds, or my sheep-skin, which cost me a shilling?"

LESSON XV.

ECONOMY IN HIGH LIFE.

THAT odd fellow Grose has defined high life “the living upon sky-larks in a garret.” But it is not that species, nor even genus, that I mean; but, on the contrary, the life of the rich and powerful, in equipages, palaces, parks, vast dining and drawing rooms, gorgeous furniture, numerous services at dinner, courts, assemblies, ball-rooms, and all the glittering appearances of that short-lived insect, man.

To have seen intimately the rich as well as the poor is an advantage of middle life, which is the best and most pleasing. “Grant me neither poverty nor riches,” says a wise man; for a main ingredient of what is called happiness is self-possession, the absolute command of our faculties by that reigning power, that directress of life, THE WILL, the very first to be studied and corrected, though scarcely known in systems of ethics, if we except the judicious *Idealogie*, written by an able senator of France. But how he comes to have omitted the imagination I cannot divine, as it is as distinct a power as the memory or the judgment.

The will is, however, the chief power, and is subject to be oppressed or benumbed by want:

Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,

That numbs the soul with icy hand.

So it is also subject to be inflated and intoxicated by wealth and prosperity. Hope, that kind nourishing mother of the human race, lends her cordial drops to relieve distress; while he is perhaps as truly wretched who is above hope and despises wishes.

If the poor intimately knew the life of the rich, they would abate their envy. A man in a coach-and-six may be more miserable than a day-labourer, and I have stood by the side of a peer whose annual revenue exceeded forty thousand pounds, when he exclaimed, on seeing a young gardener toiling and singing, "How happy that fellow is! How I envy him!"—Care is a poor sickly creature, and prefers riding in a carriage to a walk, or even a jolt in a cart.

A rich man's dinner costs him eighty pounds, but his stomach is ruined by constant excess, and he can venture on nothing but the wing of a chicken and two glasses of white wine. The rest goes to pamper a covey of useless domestics, who riot and become vicious, because their master is ostentatious of his rank. A poor man has double the enjoyment in eating his bread and cheese with a keen appetite, and appeasing his thirst with a draught of beer. Rich clothes and furniture afford a very short and transitory pleasure: *ab assuetis non fit passio*: when the eye is once accustomed to them, it glides over without any sensation, except perhaps of pain, that the upholsterer is not paid. A rich man affords a very wide mark for the arrows of accident—his cares and misfortunes, of course, extend with his property; but it is difficult to hit the little white of a poor little butt: so Mrs. Fortune, and even her daughter, Miss, who is, as usual, more keen and pert than her mother, is forced to abandon the game.

Qui humi procumbit non habet unde cadat,

was the affecting verse written by Charles I. the night before his execution. I can say, with a safe conscience, that I am happier in my one chamber than in a house of twelve rooms, and can even add, with Gil Blas,

Inveni portum; Spes et Fortuna, valete!

Sat me lusistis; ludite nunc alios.

My books have also taught me a dumb lesson of saving money;

for when I found that I could buy a curious book, worthy of repeated reading, for the same price as a coach-hire, I have preferred walking; not that I had equal exultation with a worthy friend of mine, who being obliged by political circumstances to lay down all his three equipages at once, said, when I met him on foot, "Thank Heaven! I have recovered the use of my legs."

Ceremony is another pest of power and opulence. So many people are necessary at a royal promenade or dinner, that his majesty is enchained by punctualities inconsistent with ease and comfort. Philip III. of Spain fell a victim to the ceremonial of his court, which forbade him to leave his fixed seat, before a fierce fire, while the necessary officers were unfortunately absent. I do not remember whether it was he or his successor that received an useful lesson on this subject. An ambassador extraordinary was despatched to Vienna for an important object; but quarrelling with the French envoy, on the usual topic of precedence, he returned to Madrid without any effect. Summoned to the royal presence, he explained the cause. "So," says the monarch, "you have ruined my business for a ceremony!" The Spanish blood was instantly fired. "A ceremony! A ceremony! And what is your majesty but a ceremony?"

The word was most emphatic, and not unwise; but many ceremonies are established to avoid contests and controversies, and a king who fills the seat called a throne prevents others from attempting to wade to it through slaughter,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

But useless ceremony is of another kind, and is as injurious to the idol as to the worshippers.

Praise and flattery are intoxicating draughts, to be carefully detested, as much as excess of wine. We all feel that they equally affect the head, and produce a kind of vertigo, very disagreeable to the sensations of reflection and prudence. It

is not the ruin of the fair sex only that is effected by flattery as much as by laudanum; and the similitude runs: for a few drops of praise in the common water of discourse may strengthen the stomach, but a spoonful lulls asleep, or gives delusive dreams, while a phial is mortal. The great Erasmus has so agreeably rallied flattery in his Eulogy of Folly, which he supposes to be pronounced by that capricious goddess herself, that I must translate the passage as of a wit which has lasted three hundred years, and with his Colloquies will continue to be read, while his graver works are neglected.

“From all this you will perceive how many pleasures are produced by Self-love, who is always accompanied by her sister, Self-complacency. For what is self-love, except to caress, cajole, and flatter one’s-self? When we cajole others, it is called FLATTERY. She, poor girl, has been much decried of late times: but by whom? By people who are more offended with the name than the thing. It is imagined that this complaisance cannot be reconciled with honesty. A mistaken notion! The very brutes show the contrary. No animal caresses so much as the dog, but is he not at the same time the very emblem of fidelity? A tame squirrel only wishes to play, but ceases not to be the friend of man. If flattery excluded probity, we might conclude that ferocious lions, cruel tigers, furious leopards, bore the nearest relation to the human species. I am not ignorant that there is a mischievous flattery, by which rogues and sneerers draw fools into a snare. But this is not the real flattery of which I speak, and which proceeds from a fund of sweetness, goodness, and probity—a flattery which approaches as nearly to virtue as a rude, savage, harsh, unpolite behaviour is distant from it. My flattery emboldens the fearful, enlivens the melancholy, excites the lazy, awakens the dull, relieves the sick, appeases the angry, begets the loves and supports them. My flattery gives children a desire of labour and study, rejoices the old, and under the form of just praise it instructs princes without offending them. In fine, my flattery

occasions men to love themselves, like Narcissus, which forms the chief happiness of life. What can be more officious or tender than two good and polite mules who join to lick and rub each other? In this mutual service often consists eloquence, medicine, and above all poetry. Moreover, I say, this reciprocal flattery forms the very honey and sauce of social intercourse. The wise object that it is a misfortune to be deceived, while I maintain that not to be deceived is the greatest of all misfortunes. It is a mere extravagance to place human happiness in the things themselves, while it only belongs to opinion. All is so obscure in this existence, so different, so opposite, that we are scarcely assured of one truth. This is the first principle of my academicians, who in this showed themselves to be the least proud of all the philosophers."

Erasmus was himself not estranged from the practice of a little flattery when he wanted a horse or a little money, as his letters evince. On the other hand, to fail in respect to rank and station only proves more of envy than of social affections, and is a sad proof of want of education. A person accustomed to be respected willingly pays the same homage to superior rank or talents—an intercourse which forms a charm of human existence. There is commonly some personal defect in the intruder upon social order, in the violator of the ceremonial of life. Pope would never have satirized worthy characters or excellent writers (such as Cibber, whose comedy of the Careless Husband is worth twenty Essays on Man), or railed at kings and the great, if he had not resembled a point of interrogation as much as an object of love does a point of admiration. At the same time the great should respect and remunerate men of talents and learning; for to throw them over to the democratic side is a most dangerous experiment, as the French revolution has proved. Having had the advantage of long intimacy (I had almost said familiarity) among some of the best among the great and the rich, and having never received any favours from them, I may regard myself as a piece of an impartial judge in

the question, on which side the fault lies. While I must reject the opinion of Horace Walpole, that a man of talents wants no patron, and has only occasion for pen, ink, and paper (as if a man of real talents always felt that inspiration which dunces alone conceive to be imaginary), it must at the same time be allowed that in an age when every town swarms with literary puppies, quacks, bullies, and intruders of all sizes, sorts, and shapes, it becomes very difficult for the great to select proper objects of confidence, especially while one quack has more artifice and intrigue than twenty men of talents and modest merit. Another difficulty is, that intrigue is always on the stage, while merit is in the green-room: intrigue pushes into view, and seizes the moment to wheedle and deceive; while merit lives retired, and, conscious of its worth, must be sought after and courted. But, still worse, the most horrible state that can happen to society is when the vices assume the rank and place and honours of the virtues. This has been wofully exemplified in a neighbouring country. An ignorant quack, an artful intriguer, a contemptible scoundrel, a remorseless villain, creeps to the top of the tree, which can equally be gained by the slime of a snail as by the wing of an eagle: his first object is to pervert the public opinion, which would otherwise hold him in contempt and abhorrence. Vile emissaries of all kinds are at work to blast the best and greatest characters, in order that his own may not be eclipsed by the comparison. The public opinion becomes totally perverted; fraud, cruelty, oppression, assume the praises of justice, benignity, mercy; while in literature the masks of erudition, labour, and talent, are worn by plagiarism, intrigue, and impudence.

Even the great and the wise are deceived for a time; the former, because their rank elevates them to such a height, that objects become indistinct, as a city seen from an Alp; the latter, because the justice and equity of their intellect cannot even conceive such a perversity in that of others. The only rule that can be safely recommended to the great is to select such of

the learned as are only conversant in objects of pure science, remote from popular notice or remuneration. Alas! at present a political dabbler in a journal is rather chosen! Literature becomes a mere tool of political party; and how can she be respected while she condescends to form a conspicuous person in a riot, or runs inebriated about the streets, roaring for liberty? The filthy vermin of faction, like one of the Egyptian plagues, creep every where, pollute every thing: even the sacred impartiality of literary journals, so well known to Salis, Bayle, Le Clerc, is so totally forgotten, that they have become great political engines; so that we are threatened with the sad prospect of seeing literature in a mere subservience to avarice or ambition, nay, degraded and enchained by her blind and deluded followers!

Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!

In such a state of things, those in high life cannot be blamed for their economy towards men of letters. I need not add that a single instance of base ingratitude (there have been too many) is sufficient to freeze the heart and hand of beneficence. In France, familiarity, as not unusual, produced contempt; and a literary puppy would insult the worthy landlord of a splendid table with his equality and philosophy; in truth, the mere quintessence of incongruity and folly. All the ancient philosophers respected the religion, the laws, the morals, the magistrature, the subordination of their respective countries; while the modern quacks who assume the name, by the opposite conduct, prove directly, and *ipso facto*, that they are only sophists—a class who, delighting in idle paradoxes, were called in after dinner, along with the musicians, buffoons, jugglers, and dealers in sleight of hand, to amuse the company with their mental tricks and delusions, and argumentative dancing on a slack wire.

What wonder, then, if those in high life rather shun the acquaintance of men of letters, who are too prompt to display their mental superiorities, to the envy and mortification of their

proud companions? Otherwise the great would be delighted by the variety of their conversation, and instructed by a rapid and concise view of a scientific topic, which it would require much time and study to develop. An epigram of Martial informs us that the rich find it easier to hate than to give, and call this plan *novum lucri genus*, a novelty in the art of gain, or rather of saving. But this economical hatred may prove dangerous in the end, by exciting a similar passion in men of letters, who often direct the public opinion; so that, as not unusual, ruin might follow injustice. The causes for the connexion and intercourse between these two orders in society will always remain the same as in the Augustan age, or that of Leo X., not to speak of Louis XIV. The great are instructed and amused, and the studious encouraged and supported. The device of the learned is a lamp with the word *ALENDUM*; for without oil the light will be extinguished, as their laborious retirement has been well expressed by a silk-worm in its ball, *LABORE RECLUSUS*. There is a pathetic anecdote of a man of letters who was expiring for want when his patron sent to assist him. His last words were, pointing to his extinguished lamp, "Too late! too late! There has been no oil for many days." One of the most sacred duties of the rich is to relieve modest merit and undemanding poverty,

When hushed in silent wretchedness at home.

The giving of alms in secret is recommended on the highest authority to those who were appointed to promulgate divine truths to mankind, and were destined for perfection; but if in our days the good be done even from ostentation, it is a noble ostentation.

Those among the rich and the great whose hearts are in their proper places will feel more real delight in seeing happy countenances than in a collection of paintings. An old cottager will be more expressive in his gratitude than any saint ever painted by an Italian master; a girl portioned for marriage, than any Madonna; a family relieved from poverty, than a

Keep to your Text don't be

giddy as much of a poet's I think

family picture by Vandyke. This is not sentimental cant, but as full of true life as Ostade or Teniers. One opulent peeress, to my knowledge and ocular inspection, has founded and supports three schools for young girls in her parish. With her amiable daughters she visits her schools once a week. If you heard the whispered blessings of the poor villagers—if you saw their happy faces, and the expressive looks of the grateful children, you would despise all the efforts of painting.

With such examples it is to be trusted that virtue will become fashionable. It is not from a study of their own comfort, but from fashion and rivalry, that the rich are led into useless or frivolous expense. I have indeed heard one very rich man say, that when he had three or four hundred pounds loose money by him he never failed to do some foolish thing, to buy some useless article, or to make some useless journey. For which reason he hastened to place it at his banker's, where it formed a constituent part of a sum too large to be sported with. But in general fashion and rivalry are main springs of expense, especially among that sex on whom principally depends the perfect bliss or the absolute misery of conjugal life. The wife of a man of two thousand a year is frequently too much inclined to rival her neighbour, whose husband has five. The old expedient for this effect was an appeal to his tender feelings, which if it failed, was followed by an argument of no less force, a remonstrance on his want of spirit, and his indifference to the best interests of his family. Juvenal has expressed this common calamity with his usual force.

Si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
 Est animus: submitte caput cervice parata
 Ferre jugum. Nullam invenias quæ parcat amanti.
 Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis
 Et spoliis. Igitur longe minus utilis illi
 Uxor, quisquis erit bonus optandusque maritus.

I will not pay so ill a compliment to the learning of my readers in general as to attempt a paraphrase of this passage, but I may

Lady Byron

be permitted to venture a short comment, *ad usum dominarum*. The ladies, then, will be pleased to understand that this austere satirical poet Juvenal, in the present instance, designed his sarcasm only as an anticipatory version of that pleasant comedy called "The Way to keep Him." He admonishes every amiable wife, who is happy in the devoted affection of her husband, not to trifle with his good nature by the slightest experiment in the art of teasing, but to cultivate that equability of temper, which diffuses a mild and perpetual sunshine in the domestic circle.

The ruinous influence of fashion is best counteracted by sumptuary laws, of which there were many at Rome, as the Orchia, the Faunia, the Didia, the Licinia, the Cornelia, the Antia. Henry VII. of England, whom we venerate among the founders of our club, ordained laws against excess in plate, which withdrew silver from its use in coinage. It is told that this excellent spare-thrift being invited to dinner by a noble lord, was astonished at the quantity of plate displayed to honour the royal presence. The hour of departure arriving, the master accompanied the king to the outer gate, where, turning round, he thus addressed the astonished peer: "My lord, many, many thanks for your good entertainment. But I must not suffer my laws to be broken in my presence. My attorney-general must speak with you." An excellent lesson; for to draw money, in addition to honour and pleasure, is worthy even of a royal son of thrift.

Law is another gulf which often swallows great revenues; but the very expense begins to be a remedy for the abuse. It is open, as well as the London Tavern, to all the world, but is only fit for a rich person, and a poor man had better suffer any injustice than go to law. An old cow, worth forty shillings, is said to have cost two obstinate Scotch lairds four thousand pounds in a lengthened lawsuit. Poor clients had better divide the oyster between them than suffer the lawyer to eat it, and receive each a shell. As to the rich, who can afford to sport

with their money, they are free to imitate the French bishop, who, having near a hundred processes against his chapter, his neighbours, his tenants, was commanded by Louis XII. to drop those vexatious suits, as alike foreign to his religion and his station; upon which he presented a petition to the king, begging that a dozen might be left him *pour ses menus plaisirs*—"for his little pastimes."

But the gaming-table is still more fatal, and is the very high-road to ruin; while an expensive mistress is a kind of side-path. A man can scarcely be ruined by the expense of drinking; the chief hazard is that of its affecting his faculties. Have we not seen a noble duke, whose palace was the pride of hospitality in the west of Scotland, reduced to an allowance from his creditors, in consequence of this propensity? Yet he is not deficient in sense, and confesses that mere *ennui* led him into the snare. This same *ennui*, this *tædium vitæ*, has been called the gentlest destiny that can befall us in this world; yet as it leads to such consequences, it would be better for the great to educate their sons in some light trade, as is said to be the practice among the Turkish emperors and princes. An idle life is always a miserable one. The mind in lack of food preys upon itself. We are formed for occupation and labour, and a chequered mode of existence, always on guard, either against ourselves, as the Spanish proverb says, *Guarda mi Dios de mi*, or against others—against accidents—against temptations. Yet without this constant action life would stagnate, like a green mantling pool, instead of running on, like a bustling river, over stones, and rocks, and mud, and sand, amidst verdure, and woods, and weeds, and flowers. Hence violent games were usual among the great, and hunting a favourite diversion, as a complete relief from important affairs mingled with care and anxiety. But some object of occupation is indispensable, and must even be classed among the chief enjoyments of life. A sensible man, at the age of seventy, finding his mind rather stagnant, began the study of the Greek language,

Quia homo solus in terra

and found himself happy in overcoming its difficulties. Mathematics, and the theory of mechanics, are also excellent; but, above all, natural history, the study of the works of God, always fresh, always attractive, and as gratifying at the age of ninety as at that of nineteen. Mineralogy is singularly adapted to the rich and the great, as many of the objects are among their decorations, and of great expense. Happiness is not to be found except in some serious pursuit, with intervals of pleasure and of relaxation.

* Some minds, like magnets, attract iron; others, like amber, attract straws. No matter. To be occupied is to be happy. To suppose no inequality in mind, but that all depends on education, is an unfounded notion. Of four hundred boys at Eton or Winchester, the education is precisely the same; but probably only four will turn out men of distinguished talents. To say that there is no inequality of mind is to deny the existence of cretins or idiots. The gradations of mind are infinite, *homo homini Deus*; and mental beauty is as rare as corporeal—perhaps one in a hundred. Dunces are remarkably equal among themselves; but when they would graciously extend this equality to men of talents, these will reply, *nos poma natamus*. Memory may be called the ears of the mind; judgment, the eyes; imagination, the smell; taste, the palate. Passions are the hands and feet by which we move, and arrange our path and positions. Now any of these attributes may be imperfect or infirm in the mind as well as in the body.

Of the four cardinal virtues, our club regards Temperance as the chief; for, except in her presence, where are Justice, Prudence, Fortitude? The old kitchen inscription, WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, is an emphatic maxim of this virtue. Temperance in wine has been of late enforced by the most cogent of all arguments, the price. Barry objects to champagne, as producing spasms and other nervous diseases, and recommends old hock, as generous without being inflammatory, and a most grateful and styptic cordial in putrid diseases. In like manner,

* *Barry's observation is "The Royal Family are
like the nobility, the clergy, the
the vulgar put!!! Brass 11111*

all the favourite wines of the ancients, the Falernian, kept for a hundred years, and the others, were all white wines, and are specially described by the classics as being of an amber colour. The hue of red wine is transitory, and fails in port at twelve years, as it becomes tawny at nine. The wine also loses its strength; but perhaps madeira or old hock might aspire to the Falernian longevity.

Some rich save-thrifts mix cider with port wine for their servants; others choose coach-horses that match with those of a gouty neighbour, so that if a horse be sick, another can be borrowed without inconvenience; for these animals are subject, if my memory serve, to one hundred and thirty diseases, and four are often necessary in reserve for a carriage drawn by two. It is a great breach of economy to have a villa near town, where friends are so happy to arrive just at dinner-time. You may, however, take your hat, as running out to see a neighbour taken violently ill, or fall upon the sofa yourself in a violent fit of the colic. If, however, you admit a friend or two, follow the maxim of Socrates to his wife, "Why increase our dinner? If the company be real friends, there is enough: if not, too much."

Collections of paintings are much in fashion, and as, like curious books, they generally increase in price, they may even be regarded as a branch of economy, a safe way of laying up money. Cato, that great father of frugality, says, that a wise master of a house should oftener sell than buy, and the sale of pictures has become as fashionable as that of horses. A peer, whose revenue is said to amount to two hundred and forty thousand pounds a year (*credito posteris*), sets a laudable example of this branch of economy, at the same time that, with real munificence, his treasures are open to artists.

But no such economy can exist in a passion for building, which consumes vast sums without interest or return. Yet it is in itself a laudable pursuit, and singularly congenial to the mind, like planting or improving. Nothing can delight more

than the gradual progress of one's own creation, where every shrub is a child, and every tree a darling. It is singular that these passions commonly seize us in old age, as if they were instincts to provide habitations for others. Yet all these splendid comforts only increase the fear of death; and as men cannot go to heaven in a coach and six, a sage will rather provide some good actions and an easy conscience. No balm is so refreshing or consolatory as the recollection of beneficence.

LESSON XVI.

MONEY LENT, MONEY LOST.

It is said that to lend money is to incur two risks—of losing money, and of losing a friend. As to the latter, it is no great loss, as the world goes, and if one loses one can buy another; but as to the money, that is of most serious import. It is the very life-blood, the vital current of society, and is never to be sported with. The state surgeons have bled us so freely, as a cure for political fever, that I tremble when I look at the meagre, exhausted, marasmous, consumptive state of my purse, one of the most noble and sensitive parts in the anatomy of a modern man. It is the true *primum sensorium* of the human system, affecting the mind as well as the body; for as to the old black letter word CONSCIENCE, it is to be found in no modern dictionary of any accompt (orthography!) or if by chance it occur in the glossary of antiquated expressions, it stands thus—CONSCIENCE *vide* PURSE.

The members of our club are always ready to assist each other with—advice. Not in the views of that crabbed physician, who, when a fellow stole upon his amusement at a

coffee-house, with a formal narrative of his complaint, closed with "Doctor, what should I take?" answered, with great deliberation, "Why, sir, I give it as my opinion that you should take advice." No, no, no. We always give advice *gratis*.

That physician, however, lived sparingly, and might have been a member of our club if he had not done so from necessity, and continued his predilection for gay society and wine, though both of them not the best, as happens in great cities. Instead of a carriage, or the steady-footed mule of the ancient physicians, he had only the horse which the venerable Bishop Jewel gave to Latimer, a stout stick; and, instead of a splendid house, a ground-floor in Cecil-street, in the Strand. The ground-floor was wisely chosen, in consideration of his patients, who could not have mounted a stair without puffing like a dropsical or asthmatic author; but as there is no convenience without an inconvenience, it led him to useless expense. For calling one morning upon the doctor, I found him in "doleful dumps," and not even Domestic Medicine could give him his usual cheerfulness, though well supplied with copious effusions of the magical fluid called tea. Inquiring the reason, he explained that he had just paid a glazier's bill, and a guinea besides, for a noble large punch-bowl belonging to the landlady. "You must know, my dear sir, that I had a friend to supper, and to save trouble, as I knew we should sit late, ordered in the largest bowl in the house, which I filled myself with excellent punch; I speak without vanity, better was never tasted. You are aware of the sky-light (my eyes ache to look at it) which the landlord, when he enlarged this chamber by taking in a part of the back-yard, was obliged to make of great size, as you see, to get at some light. Well, the punch was only begun (it was delicious) when we engaged in a warm disputation on the American war. I never had so much the better in any argument in my life. He was reduced to an absolute dilemma." Here the doctor fetched breath, and I inquired if his friend

had solved the dilemma by breaking the bowl and the windows. "No such thing. He understands argument better. Just as he fell into the dilemma, a couple of cursed cats, who had been disputing or making love (you know it is much the same, *ana, quantum sufficit*), fell plump from the roof through the skylight into the punch-bowl. The crash was like thunder, and you may judge of our mutual consternation. We relinquished the field to these new combatants, who were also reduced to a dilemma, which they solved as they could. I suppose the evil genius, who sent them, took them. All my money is gone in paying the glazier for five broken panes and repairing the lead; and the bowl was of the finest porcelain. But what I chiefly regret is the loss of the argument. Never had so much the better in my life."

My digressions, egressions, and transgressions, perhaps rival those of old Montaigne; and the candid reader will excuse them, as by-roads offer richer landscapes and more products of nature than the dusty or dirty and common highway. Nor am I a highwayman upon a saucy horse, but a footpad, who wanders every where, not to rob either purses or characters, but to steal a few features of human action, wherever I can find them. The reader will perhaps prefer a more honest metaphor. Well then, I am walking on my own grounds, which I have reclaimed from a barren common, and have a right to cross hedges and jump ditches as I choose, like a French royal privilege, "for such is my pleasure." My little plantation may be somewhat wild, in the style of the English garden; but I hope to cultivate fruits of morality, and flowers of amusement, that may not displease my visitors.

Our club, as I have said, is more prone to lend advice than money: the former is not, however, so pleasing in the repayment; yet it may be said to be lent in the sense of the miser, who said, "I lend you good-day." By the by, a M. S. A. saved his money at a mock-auction, near Exeter 'Change, in this way. Seeing it consist of barkers and bawlers, who



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raised the prices merely to ensnare strangers, he got upon his legs.

M. S. A. Pray, Mr. Auctioneer, may one bid any thing one pleases?

Auctioneer. Certainly, sir. Much obliged to any gentleman who bids even a trifle.

M. S. A. (*bowing very low.*) Then, sir, I bid you good morning.

“Another digression!” Not at all, Mr. Critic. It is not my fault that you wear green spectacles. Our club and this book (if it turn out to be a book, for of modern book-making I know nothing) are intended, constructed, and directed to the sole purpose of the preservation and conservation of money, so as to keep the conscience clear and light, and the purse full and heavy. Are not my tales to this effect—not to frequent mock-auctions, nor to take ground-floors with sky-lights? Gibbon was used to say, that an author, who has common sense, is a better judge of his book than any critic whatever. “In this instance you are right.” Then trust me in others. The furthest way about is the nearest way home. There are many roads that lead to Rome. These are proverbs, but proverbs are the traditions of ancient wisdom.

The lending of money becomes more dangerous every day; but in general our members save enough from idle expense to be able to enjoy that noblest of all pleasures, that attribute of heaven itself, beneficence, the relief of real worth in real distress. The luxurious know not what luxury is. Is a dish of turtle or venison to be compared with the blessings of a happy family? The former is soon forgotten, while the expense is both felt and remembered; but the latter satisfaction lasts for life, soothes our solitude and our bed, heightens the gust of joy, and gilds the tear of sorrow. The French well say, that “there is only a quarter of an hour between a bad dinner and a good:” a maxim full of sense; as is the self-consolation of their peasants

on seeing a rich man go by in a splendid equipage, "Well, well. He can only dine once a day."

More might be said on beneficence; but I am afraid of lapsing into sentiment and sentimental writing, both which I detest, as I have known the most unfeeling scoundrels in real life to excel in both. The cares of the *SAVE-ALL* are more wide than may be imagined; to save sentiment, to save humour, to save tales, to save speech, to save words, as well as money. As to wisdom or wit, we do not pretend to save, as we have none to spend.

How exquisite is the praise of charity in our sacred writings, in whatever sense we take the word, either as universal brotherly love and good-will, or as shown in relieving the poor. How sublime is that precept which teaches us that the love of our Creator cannot be better exemplified than by demonstrating our love to our neighbours; and how worthy of its divine origin is that declaration which says, that without *CHARITY*, talents are nothing, miracles are nothing, faith is nothing! What sight more pitiable can be imagined in a moral view of human nature, than that of the morose ascetic, who refuses bread to the hungry, and shelter to him that is ready to perish, yet rests his claim to happiness on the merits of Him who went about doing good?

Aristotle, in the second book of his *Rhetoric*, says, in his compact, energetic way, that "*Riches are foolish*;" which I suppose Juvenal had in view when he asserts,

*Et rarus ferme Communis Sensus in illa
Fortuna.*

Certain it is, however, that mental and metallic wealth seldom go together.

Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno,
says Horace, who had, so far as I can find in the vast commentaries of Lambinus, never once visited New Holland.

Riches and power often pervert the faculties, and totally change the train of thinking. They form, as it were, another climate, so as to eradicate even the habitudes, as an Englishman in Hindoostan wonders at his native countrymen. The rich world can form no idea of the poor world, so cannot feel their *unaccountable* wants and distresses. I remember that in 1795, when England was threatened with scarcity, a lady of distinction, and of no bad heart, on being told that the poor could not have bread, answered, with a tone of surprise, "What then? Cannot they eat pastry?"

In lending money, therefore, the rich often follow the Italian maxim, *largo di bocca, stretto di mano*; and as promises cost nothing but the trouble of breaking, no difficult operation, as they are very brittle things, and when brought to effect crack, like Helmont's drops at a candle, they are little regarded, except by some good people who are ignorant of the world. But fire tries gold, and gold tries a friend; so that if a friend gets rich, it is then the time to try him, but not by the Tower assay; it is enough that he answer on the common touchstone. *Il ne faut pas être exigeant*, as the French say.

Modern laws punish the vices, but do not reward the virtues. Hence some virtues are rather of difficult practice, if the mind be not so constituted as to feel most intensely that "virtue is its own reward." To lend or trust without witnesses is an act of imprudence, especially as the times go. A member says, that all generations are degenerations, and that having been formerly an advocate for the constant amelioration and *perfectibility* of the human race, he was convinced of the contrary on a recent tour to the north and west of England, as he found masons employed every where to enlarge the prisons, particularly at Lancaster, where two new towers were forced to be added, for the accommodation of worthy members of society. He, however, allows that the art of stealing is ameliorated, and that a gradual *perfectibility* may be expected in every department of criminal pursuit and practice.

But even in "the good old times" to lend or trust without paper or witnesses was very unsafe; and as examples go further than precepts, I shall give one from Mr. Roscoe's elegant *Life of Lorenzo*, where, as being in a note, it may have escaped the attention of careless readers.

"A rich old citizen of Bergamo had lent to one of his countrymen at Florence FOUR HUNDRED crowns [Mr. Roscoe puts the sum in *cyphers*, as if he did not know the value of money], which he advanced without any person being present, and without requiring a written acknowledgment. When the stipulated time had elapsed, the creditor required his money; but the borrower, well apprized that no proof could be brought against him, positively denied that he had ever received it. After many fruitless attempts to recover it, the lender was advised to resort to the duke [Alexander, first Grand Duke of Tuscany], who would find some method of doing him justice. Alexander accordingly ordered both the parties before him, and after hearing the assertions of the one, and the positive denial of the other, he turned to the creditor, saying, "Is it possible then, friend, that you can have lent your money when no one was present?"—"There was no one, indeed," replied the creditor; "I counted out the money to him on a post."—"Go, bring the post then this instant," said the duke, "and I will make it confess the truth." The creditor, though astonished on receiving such an order, hastened to obey, having first received a secret caution from the duke not to be very speedy in his return. In the meantime the duke employed himself in transacting the affairs of his other suitors, till at length, turning again towards the borrower, "This man," says he, "stays a long time with his post."—"It is so heavy, sir," replied the other, "that he could not yet have brought it." Again Alexander left him, and returning some time afterwards, carelessly exclaimed, "What kind of men are they that lend their money without evidence!—Was there no one present but the post?"—"No, indeed, sir," replied the knave.—"The post is a good

witness then," said the duke, "and shall make thee pay the man his money."

A similar story was repeated in conversation by Mr. Browne, the celebrated African traveller. It may perhaps occur in some book, for *Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse*, I am a goldsmith by trade, and take my bullion where I can find it, that is, honestly, and am only answerable for the fashion.

A merchant had loaded six camels with goods, being his whole stock, and joined the caravan from Cairo to Bagdad. Being unfortunately taken ill on the route, he was left by the camel-driver, or chief of the caravan, at an obscure hamlet, with the assurance that he would take charge and care of his merchandize. The sick man was so ill as to take little care about this world, and, giving his consent, was confined two months by a fever and consequent weakness. At length, recovering his health, he proceeded to Bagdad in search of his goods, but could find no tidings of Hassan the camel-driver, except that he had acquired great wealth on a recent journey to Egypt, and had retired to Bassora. Our merchant descends the Tigris, and, after a long research, at last meets Hassan, richly dressed, as an opulent merchant. After the *salem alekum*, or salutation of "Peace be with you," he anxiously inquired for his effects, but was astounded when Hassan, assuming a proud and distant air, said that there must be some mistake, as not only he had never seen him nor his goods, but moreover he, Hassan, had never in his life discharged the function of a camel-driver. The merchant, finding arguments vain, summoned Hassan, with a loud voice, instantly to appear before the Cadi, or chief magistrate; and, as a crowd had gathered, he was forced to obey the Mohamedan law, admitting no delay. Hassan was still louder and more positive before the Cadi, asserting that he had always been a merchant, and was the son of a merchant, and never had been a camel-driver; and that his accuser, whom upon his oath he had never seen before, must be either a vile impostor or a madman. Nothing could

be done, not a shadow of proof; and the Cadi was obliged to discharge him. The merchant was in tears for the loss of all his property, and Hassan, in triumph, was strutting through the crowded court of the palace of justice, when the Cadi, suddenly stepping to an open window, called aloud, "Holla there! Ho! camel-driver!" Hassan alone looked up, and seeing the magistrate, instantly obeyed the summons of his usual title, to which he had been long accustomed. Upon his entrance, the Cadi exclaimed, "You *caffer*, you dog, you never, forsooth, was a camel-driver! Give the base wretch a hundred bastinadoes, and lodge him in jail, seizing his goods till this honest man be paid to the uttermost farthing."

LESSON XVII.

CONSUMPTION NO SIGN OF HEALTH.

HISTORY too seldom descends to private life, though when it does it becomes doubly interesting. Plutarch interests, because he is not an historian, but a biographer. This lesson shall be derived from an old Florentine historian, Villani, who deals in family pieces, and paints in strong and lasting colours.

He thus describes the state of Florence under the year 1260. "At that time the citizens of Florence lived soberly on coarse food and at little expense, their manners being plain and homely, and their wives, like themselves, clothed in mean garments. Many wore skins with their wool or fur, without any cloth whatever, and little bonnets on their heads, while the feet were protected by little coarse boots. The ladies were contented with very plain stockings and shoes, and the greatest among them did not exceed a very strait gown of coarse scarlet or

camlet, bound with a leathern girdle, and a little mantle, lined with the commonest fur, with a hood to cover the head. Others wore the coarse greens of Cabragio in like fashion. A hundred pounds were a sufficient portion for a daughter, two or three hundred a flaming match, and the youngest were at least twenty years of age before marriage was proposed. Such were the habits and manners of my countrymen at that time."

But when he approaches his own time, the picture in 1330 is very different. "The said year, in the calends of April, the ladies of Florence passed all bounds in superfluous ornament, in crowns or garlands of gold or silver, with pearls and precious stones, caps and fillets of pearl, and other head-dresses of great expense. They wore gowns composed of various fine cloths, some relieved and diversified with silk in various ways, with garnitures of pearl, and buttons of silver gilt, often in four or six rows, together with clasps of pearl or precious stones at the breast, with devices and inscriptions. In like manner the festivals at weddings and on other occasions became exorbitant. To suppress these extravagances the most positive ordinances were issued by the magistrature that no lady should wear any crown or garland of gold or silver, pearls or precious stones, of glass or silk, or any resemblance of a crown or garland, even of painted paper; nor cap nor fillet of any kind, except simple and unadorned; nor any composite garment, nor painted with any figures except inwoven. The ladies were also forbidden to wear any striped dresses, except merely of two colours, or borders or fringes of gold, silver, silk, or precious stones, amel or glass; to wear more than two rings on one finger, or any belt or girdle with more than twelve spangles of silver. It was further enacted [and be it enacted accordingly], that no lady should wear amaranthine silk, and any who had such dresses should give them to be re-dyed, as not permitted to be used; that all dresses of raised silk be forthwith seized, as prohibited; that no lady should wear a gown longer behind than two yards, nor a handkerchief for the neck of more than one yard and a

quarter. In like manner were forbidden expensive gowns and petticoats for children. Fine furs, particularly ermines, were prohibited, except to knights and their ladies. Men were not allowed to wear any ornaments or girdles of silver, or vest of taffety, cloth, or camlet. The ordinance also bore that at no festival more than three kinds of food be permitted, at no wedding more than twenty trenchers, nor the bride to be accompanied by more than six ladies; at no installation of knights more than a hundred trenchers, or three kinds of food; and that at the court or assembly of new knights it be not permitted to give dresses to buffoons, which ought never to have been done. All which orders men, women, and children were commanded to obey, under heavy penalties. It was also ordained that the trades should correct their regulations, and monopolies, and stalls, and that all flesh and fish be sold by the pound, at a fixed price.

“By these ordinances the city of Florence amended the extravagant expenses and ornaments, to the great benefit of the citizens; but to the great loss of the silk-merchants and goldsmiths, who, for their individual profit, were every day contriving new and varied decorations. These prohibitions were approved and applauded by all Italy; and the ladies, instead of expensive dresses, were taught to be more reasonable, but to their great grief. As the ordinance was so positive, instead of raised silk they had recourse to variegated and exotic cloths, sending orders to Flanders and Brabant, never regarding the expense. But as the citizens derived great advantage in being freed from the vain expenditure in their families, festivals and weddings, usual before these ordinances, recommended themselves as useful and decorous, and almost all the cities of Tuscany, and many others in Italy, sent to Florence for copies of these laws, and ordered them to be strictly observed in their own states.”

Thus far this honest historian. Dante, who died in 1321, also expresses the same ideas; nor can I refrain from giving

the passage from the *Paradiso, Canto XV.* as they who do not understand it will have recourse to those who do, so as to increase friendly intercourse and kindness.

Fiorenza dentro della cerchia antica
 Ond' ella toglie ancora e Terza e Nona
 Si stava in pace sobria e pudica.
 Non avea Catenella nè Corona
 Non Gonne contigiate non Cintura
 Che fosse a veder piu che la Persona.
 Non faceva nascendo ancor paura
 La Figlia al Padre, che 'l tempo, e la Dote
 Non fuggian quinci e quindi la misura.
 Non avea Case di Famiglia vote
 Non v'era giunto ancor Sardanapalo
 A mostrar cio che in camera si puote.
 Bellincion Berti vidi io andar cinto
 Di quojo e d'osso; e venir dallo specchio
 La Donna sua senza il viso dipinto.
 E vidi quel del Nerli, e quel del Vecchio
 Esser contenti alla Pelle scoperta;
 E le sue Donne al fuso e al penneccchio.

The passage is as forcible as beautiful, partaking of the severe majesty of Cato, and the antique lustre of Lucretius.

As a parallel with Villani may be produced a passage of an English author, once esteemed classical. Sir William Temple, in his *Observations on the United Provinces*, has the following remarks:

“By this we find out the foundation of the riches of Holland; as of their trade by the circumstances already rehearsed. For never any country traded so much and consumed so little. They buy infinitely, but it is to sell again upon improvement of any commodity, or at a better market. Thus they are the great masters of Indian spices and Persian silks, but wear plain woollen, and feed upon their own fish and roots. Nay they sell the finest of their own cloth to France, and buy coarse out of England for their own wearing. They send abroad the best of their own butter into all parts, and

buy the cheapest out of Ireland and the north of England for their own use. In short, they furnish infinite luxury, which they never practise; and traffic in pleasures, which they never taste."

As this is a lesson of quotations, some remarks of an Italian politician may also deserve attention.

"If the quantity of money in a country be diminished, the inhabitants begin to retrench their expenses of luxury, then they begin to abstract from those of ease and comfort, and only continuing those absolutely necessary, the prices of the latter objects are not diminished, because the money that remains is sufficient to answer that purpose, and afford a supply at the same rate. The articles of mere luxury, and even of comfort, then becoming useless, because there is no sale, as being thus of no value, no longer constitute any part of the national wealth. To render the truth of this principle more apparent, let us call to remembrance, in the first place, that the prices of living do not suddenly augment with the quantity of money, because those who increase their fortunes instead of adding to the price of their manufactures and workmanship, augment their expenses by being better fed and clothed, whence the consumption being greater, efforts are at the same time made to multiply the supply. The manufacturers, being paid more punctually, occupy more time in labour; the peasants, finding a quicker sale for their articles, increase the reproduction; so that the supply of money and of objects remaining equal, the prices remain the same. The remaining gold and silver is formed into plate, jewels, embroidery, and a thousand other articles of luxury. But when, on the contrary, the quantity of money diminishes, the inhabitants, as I have said, deprive themselves of many articles even of comfort, learn to live sparingly, and those who can endeavour to procure, by the interchange of objects, what the want of money prevents them from attaining otherwise." An useful hint for our club, as an old hat may be exchanged for a piece of bacon.

LESSON XVIII.

TO SAVE FIRE.

IN countries where wood is used as fuel, a good housewife will make a hollow in the ashes under the chief log, where she pours a little water, which doubles the existence of the said log. It is easy also nearly to smother the fire with the ashes, so as to retain some heat without wasting your materials. But a more economical (some ladies pronounce *comical*) plan was devised by two foreign members. The one, a Frenchman, laid in half a cart-load of wood, price seventeen francs, TEN SOUS; these deserving a large letter to attract, an attention too often refused. As he had a fourth floor, and with it a little cellar, as usual at Paris, one day's exercise was to carry the wood from the cellar to his apartment, and the next to replace it in the cellar. By this ingenious stratagem he contrived to keep up his natural temperature, without any waste whatever. The other laudable example was that of an Italian, who only purchased two faggots, which he amused himself in throwing from his window into the court-yard, and then running down stairs to fetch them up; and this salutary exercise, often repeated, was found sufficient even in a hard frost. It is necessary to add that he put on old shoes, that he might not wear out a good pair.

But coals! coals! what a terrible expense! My bill for one year was nineteen shillings and TWO PENCE THREE FARTHING. Yet I learned in France to use a *chancelier*, which is a wooden box, lined with the fur of a sheep, and which, reaching to the middle of the legs, keeps the feet warm; not to speak of the *chauffrette*, used by the poor, being a little box with hot charcoal, on which the feet are placed, there being holes to let the

heat pass. Once calling on a literary man at Paris, I found him in his large library, with a blanket wrapped about his lower extremities. A good hint to assist meditation in those who love to meditate in bed, like Thomson the poet, whom a friend found in bed at noon. "You are not ill, I hope?"—"Not at all; but I had no motive to rise."

By the by, that same bed may save coals. It is well known that when a cardinal called on Henrietta, the widow of Charles I., then at Paris, and asked her where her daughter was, the queen answered, that the poor girl was in bed, as they had no money to buy firing. This was when Mazarine was amassing all the revenues of France into his own coffers; and a little journey being proposed to the young king, not a royal carriage fit for use could be found, as is stated in the strange Memoirs of La Porte, his valet-de-chambre. Well might the sceptred boy exclaim, on seeing Mazarine's gorgeous train of attendants, "*Voila le Grand Turc qui passe!*"

A poker is a great waster of coals, especially in female hands, and no such destructive weapon is known in my room. I am persuaded that the noted maxim of Pythagoras, so needlessly allegorised *Ignem cultro ne fodito*, "do not poke fire with a knife," is a mere caution against this practice.

As to the "right of the poker," a subject of frequent matrimonial discussion and oratory, I do not pretend to decide, as my purpose is to promote concord and good humour. The learned reader may however consult the Digest, *tit. 666 de disc. fœm. §§ de foco fod.* if he can find the passage, for that law does not seem to be well digested.

The savages of Canada have, or at least had when first visited by the French, a method of cookery well calculated to save firing. They boiled all their victuals in a wooden pot. As riddles are at present a fashionable amusement, not only innocent but laudable, as tending to excite thought and sharpen the wit, I leave my readers to think, and reserve the explanation till the end of this chapter.

If you have friendly neighbours, much expense in firing may be saved by having a pot in common, each neighbour putting his piece of meat and vegetables to be boiled one day at one house, another day at another. This plan may be called a kind of pot-luck, without a possibility of mistake, the luck of other pots being perilous. It is well known that a German baron, not much conversant in the English language, being invited by a noble lord to stay and take pot-luck, ate almost nothing of two services; and being asked the cause, answered, "Me wait for the favoured dish dat you call pot-luck."

As to the boiling of an egg, or toasting a bit of cheese, a lamp will suffice, and lamp-oil is not costly. An Italian contrived to procure even olive-oil very cheap, by a stratagem which must not be imitated, as it may lead to an elegant apartment in Newgate-street. He contrived to fix a sponge at the bottom of his vase—goes to the shop—gets it filled—offers bad money—merchant refuses—has no other—obliged to refund the oil to the last drop—but enough remains in his sponge to answer his purpose. A punning member said it was a trick that deserved the spunging-house.

The explanation of the riddle is, that the wooden pot was placed near a large fire, where stones were successively heated and thrown into the water, so as to maintain the ebullition.

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A MEMBER of the Save-all, a worthy and brave old officer, who lost a leg in Spain under the great Wellington, assures us that he has found new topics of consolation since he embraced the tenets of our society. For he finds that by the loss of his leg he saves money, as he has only occasion for one stocking, one shoe, and one boot. He besides saves firing, having only one leg and foot to warm. Another member was so impressed with these advantages, that he declared an intention of making the experiment; but next day his resolution began to limp, and he remains upon the same footing. He even affects to say, in his own vindication, that a man with two legs walks more uprightly than another; which our officer denies, and says he is as upright as any man in the club—no disrespect to any member; and that at every step he makes, his heart warms with recollections of the glory of old England, who has shown in all parts of the world, Asia, Africa, America, and Europe, that in addition to her wooden walls she has impregnable barriers of steel. God bless thy noble heart, my old boy! Thy wooden leg should be of ebony, studded with gold!

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wretchedness, raking amidst the ashes of his crucible. Many similar instances might be adduced, but I shall cut short this lesson by alluding to the keen irony of one of the Roman pontiffs, who, on being informed that an alchymist claimed his munificent patronage for having discovered the sublime art of transmuting metals, sent to the empirical adventurer an empty purse, observing that the man who could make gold at will should disdain to receive any other present.

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A like ingenious device was exerted by a brother of more ancient times. The Pont Neuf, the most important bridge of Paris, was begun by Henry III. but not finished till the reign of Henry IV. was considerably advanced. When this edifice of so many years was at length completed, skilful commissaries were named on the part of the king, and on the part of the city, both conjoined in the expense, to inspect the whole, and estimate the accounts. One gentleman was observed to be

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Designed and Etched by J.R. Cruikshank.

UNINVITED GUESTS CIVILLY DISMISSED.

Published by Thomas Beys, Ludgate Hill, London, Dec. 1. 1819.

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LESSON XXVII.

CATS AND DOGS.

A CAT is more useful and decorous in the house of a save-thrift than a dog; though a small dog and a rushlight are, in the opinion of an adept, Sir Henry Fielding, the two chief securities against house-breakers: for they have artifices to intoxicate or attach a large dog which is left free; and it is a secret only known to a few sportsmen, that bread, after being carried about the person for some time, will attach a dog for ever to him by whom it is given.

Even cats are capable of attachment. It is a well known circumstance in oriental history that a proud califf, suddenly called by important business, cut off the skirt of his robe, that he might not disturb the sleep of his favourite cat. The great Doria, the father of his country, was always painted with his cat, who accompanied him by sea and by land. He was thus contrasted with the king Alfonso, of Arragon, who kept an expensive train of dogs, and could never have even seen a save-all.

In the last abode of Petrarca, near Padua, the skeleton of his favourite cat may still be seen, placed over the door inside of his study. It had originally been stuffed and placed behind a glass, and the verses remain there, testifying his gratitude, as he would have written in vain had not his cat preserved his papers from the mice.

But as a save-thrift is often solitary, he may be indulged in the society of one dog, provided he be a dog of good morals; for fraud is foreign to our institution, and we only approve honest gain and honest frugality. He was no member of our

club who bred a dog to steal for the maintenance of his master ; a singular circumstance, thus discovered : The master had long lived comfortably without any visible means, and all the neighbourhood was embarrassed what to think, as one half of the world does not know how the other lives. Dying at last, the dog was bought by an acquaintance of mine. The first evening after, he gently scraped, that the door of the chamber might be opened, and more roughly at the house-door, which being also opened, he made his exit. After half an hour he was heard scraping at the outer door, and being admitted, he leaped on the table, and emptied his mouth of five or six shillings. My informant determined to follow his dog on the next expedition, and was prepared by the usual signals. The sagacious animal passed the whole of that street, the residence of both his masters, passed also two obscure streets, and arriving at one of the most crowded thoroughfares in London, began his operations. When he heard the sound of money in a shop he leaped over the half-door, and was on the counter in a moment, whence he snatched a piece or two, and retreated with equal rapidity. When his new master went to make restitution, it appeared that the shopkeepers had for years suffered repeated losses of gold and silver by that dog, for he did not touch copper ; and as there were hundreds of shops, he only appeared at distant periods, and the theft was either unperceived, uncredited, or soon forgotten. Confinement and chastisement cured him of this singular education.

It is to be regretted that the fidelity of the dog is balanced by his subjection to that terrible malady of madness, or, more properly, rage, *rabies canina*, for which, when communicated to the human body, no remedy has yet been discovered. Madame Fouquet, a rich and charitable lady, mother of the unfortunate minister of state, has published a book of medicines for the poor, among which is one for this malady, accompanied with the following observations :

“ This receipt was communicated by M. Bourdel, curate

of Menil-huber, who assures me that by it he has cured or saved *more than eight hundred* persons, poor and rich ; among others,

“ A woman of Bretonoüil, near Porte Royale, who was not only bitten on the head, but had a breast torn by a mad wolf, and in the approaches of the frenzy, was completely cured in six days.

“ A gentleman of rank, bitten by a mad wolf so as to lose his nose and cheeks, besides great wounds on his head, the animal having been killed betwixt his arms, alone escaped, of twelve who were bitten by the same wolf and at the same time, as they were leaving a country church after a grand mass. Eleven were brought to the hospital of La Mercy, of whom a part died, and the others were stifled, by an usual but criminal custom. This gentleman was alone preserved by these remedies.

“ When the frenzy is evident, or the danger great, it is indispensable to begin with the vomit, composed of theriac to the size of a bean, dissolved in one-third of a tumbler of white wine : then fill the glass with the best olive oil. If the venom have seized the stomach or other noble parts, the patient will vomit instantly, which is itself a good sign.

“ After he has vomited, give him a little confection of hyacinth, with bread or wine. Repeat the vomit and confection next morning : afterwards, only the confection. Food, soup and yolks of eggs.

“ From the beginning wash the wounds with a lotion of vinegar and water, in which are infused alum, salt, powder of the bones of the cuttle-fish (*seche*), half an ounce of each : then with brandy, and if the patient feel much pain it is a good sign.

“ A potion may be given of the expressed juice of daisies, rue, angelica, garlic, in a glass of white wine, with salt and theriac, to be taken fasting.

“ But the grand remedy is a plaster of rue, wild daisies, *lepidium majus*, *telephium*, plantain, *sempervivum majus*, each

a handful: angelica root an ounce, six bulbs of garlic, beaten in a mortar, and boiled in white wine till reduced to half a pint, then passed through a linen cloth. Take the dregs and boil them in a pint of olive oil and half a pound of fine lard, and, after passing the whole through linen, mix with the former. Then add alum, in powder, and bone of cuttle-fish, of each as much as you can hold between your thumb and finger, with myrrh to the size of a nut, and as much white wax as is necessary to make a plaster. Mingle and place on the fire, stirring with a wooden spoon; and when of proper consistence, behold the supreme remedy for this horrible evil."

As the good curate had thus cured eight hundred persons, even those bitten by wolves or cats, whose poison is, he observes, more dangerous than that of dogs, it would be worth while to try the experiment. Madame Fouquet adds a very easy remedy, but without any guarantee. "Take a raw salt herring and beat it in a mortar to a paste, which apply to the wound, as a cataplasm, for three days." This seems to bear some relation to the sea-bath, and may be more efficacious. Alexis, of Piedmont, tells us, among his Secrets, that if you deprive a dog of his tail he will never have the rage, which seems ridiculous, as a man has no tail, yet is infected. Pliny and Columella say, with more justice, that if a dog be wormed he cannot bite, and of course cannot communicate the malady.

LESSON XXVIII.

FLINT SOUP.

MONASTERIES were at first the same as hermitages, the word monk implying a person who lives *alone*. They began in Egypt, when the intercourse with India had imported the

singular fanaticisms of that region, and when varieties of penance were deemed necessary to secure the peculiar favour of the Deity. But in the course of the dark ages they became retreats of piety and learning, a favourite occupation among the clergy and the brethren being to copy books, many of which, having reached our times, show that religion was not the only claim to that care, as literary motives alone could preserve many irreverend authors of antiquity.

But as human passions always superinduce corruption into the best institutions, criminal warriors thought they could purchase heaven by employing a part of their spoils in founding monasteries, whose praying inmates were to redeem their souls from purgatory. The number of masses, and the price, were exactly calculated, as if heaven could be purchased, or christian poverty had been taught in vain. In fact, the christianity of that period was the very antipodes of the gospel.

To the farther disgrace of humanity, the four begging orders burst upon the earth like locusts in the thirteenth century, and Europe was overwhelmed with Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, and Augustinians—

“Black, white, and gray, with all their trumpery.”

These sturdy beggars, on pretence of piety, besieged the abodes of idleness, while they lived in all the vices that originate in idleness; and, sensible of their own ignorance and absurdity, were declared enemies of learning and ratiocination. Hence the bitter satires against the Franciscans in particular, who had the effrontery to erect another divine person, in their St. Francis, and even to suppose him superior to the Author of our faith in the famous Alcoran of Conformities.

One of these holy beggars was accustomed, in traversing Normandy, to demand a dinner of a poor farmer; but upon one occasion had the misfortune to arrive when the farmer and his wife were occupied in the grounds, had carried their dinner

with them, and left the cupboard bare. But our friar was hungry, and hunger is ingenious. Addressing the eldest of three children, a girl of eight years, he asked if she had ever seen flint soup? "No, father," replied she, with gaping mouth and great curiosity. "Bring me a good round fat pebble."—Soon found.—"And the small soup-kettle, full of water."—Placed on the fire, and the pebble amidst. "Our pot begins to boil; perhaps you have a cabbage in the garden?"—"Yes, father, and carrots."—"A good child; bring some. No bread?"—"No, but there is a little flour."—"Good, good." After a long pause, "Perhaps you could find a little morsel of butter?"—"Yes, father, for I did not eat all."—"My dear, we shall have an excellent flint soup." It was an excellent soup maigre, and the friar anxiously desired that the pebble might be preserved for another occasion.

LESSON XXIX.

LIGHT, LIGHT!

LIGHT is among the dear commodities, being carefully taxed, whether by night or by day. We may well say with the poet—

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes.

Our club is very sparing in candles, and prefers, as in China, the light of day, especially in a furnished lodging, where there is nothing to pay for that general benefit.

An ingenious member has even contrived, in winter, to profit by the light of his neighbour—a most innocent theft, which does harm to none. There being only a thin wall, or rather



Designed and Etched by J.R. Cruikshank.

FLINT SOUP.

Published by Thomas Agnew & Sons, Ludgate Hill, London, Dec. 2, 1849.

partition, between his chamber and that of a tailor, often occupied to a late hour, he contrived a hole, by which he can see to read and to go to bed. This invention saves him three or four pounds a year (generally about 3*l.* 7*s.* 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*) and is honourably mentioned in the records of the club.

But the fashionable world is in the dream of Richard III.

A light! a light! my kingdom for a light.

Their whole life is sold by inch of candle. It is inconceivable what pleasure there can be in reversing the occupations of day and night. A fashionable lady will dine at ten at night, and go to bed at four in the morning. Her great great grandmother dined at ten in the day, and was in bed by six. How different the health and complexion! But roses and lilies are now little known, except in distillation and washes; and pins are little worn, though they have been quaintly called the thorns of christian roses. Pin-money remains, and a lady generally prefers the cash to the pins.

Franklin has, in his usual style of dry and homely humour, ridiculed the modern European infatuation of giving bread to waxchandlers and candle-makers, at a great expense to our purse, health, and reputation. A careful study of that useful publication, the almanac, would enable us to supply ourselves, at no expense, with the blessed and beneficial light of day. The wheel of fashion is however turning so fast, that the good ancient customs may surmount. "Happy time for old England, neighbour," said a sulky politician to a friend of mine, "when parliament met at nine in the morning. The deliberations were wise and frugal, and had the air of a grave senate and important affairs. But who ever saw a lamp in the hands of Minerva? We all know the purposes that are pursued by night and candle-light. They have nothing to do with wisdom, neighbour. All the wise men are then asleep." He spoke emphatically, as he is always in bed by eight o'clock. As to his Minerva I know nothing, except what I read in my youth,

that she was the goddess of wisdom, and had no mother, which seems well contrived, as wisdom has few relations on the female side.

Jesting apart (for I owe my candle-maker a bill), if the court would as usual hold *levées* on the king's *rising* from bed, at seven or eight in the morning, the ancient frugality of artificial light might soon revive. Opinion is the queen of the world, and Fashion is her daughter, the princess royal. A little jog of the wheel would bring us where we were, and even the novelty would be delightful. At nine (morning) all the streets would overflow with coaches. At twelve all the knockers would announce the hour of solemn dinners. Plays by daylight, as in Shakspeare's time. Suppose a dialogue between Mary and Jane, sufficient names for Christians, for I hate the German and French expenditure of two, three, or even six christian names; of use however in some cases, as a good name is soon lost, and recourse may be had to another.

SCENE—*London.* TIME—*A. D. 2017.*

Lady Mary. Bless me! Just up, I declare, at seven in the morning! How can you be so unfashionable?

Lady Jane. I was very late at a ball last night—could not get away till ten o'clock. My eyes ache this morning, and I never could bear candle-light.

L. M. I took up an old novel to pass time till breakfast—but after I had said my prayers, which I would not omit for the world, so delicious is that effusion of soul. I cannot conceive how people contrived to live by night, like bats and owls.

L. J. My papa calls these old novels schools of passion and perversity. But I read history, and find, in a chapter on ancient manners, that it was the fashion two hundred years ago to be up all night, and in bed all day. How ridiculous!

L. M. By the length of their nights, my dear, they shortened their days. Half of the young women died of colds and

consumptions, while the old extinguished the lamp of life by sipping and gambling.

L. J. Well, I would not exchange my natural gaiety and spirits for all their tasteless amusements: and a good sleep or pleasing dreams are to me more delightful than a ball or a game at cards.

L. M. It is no wonder that with this strange perversion their taste and ideas became perverted. An old comedy is an odd mixture of sentiment, morality, and adultery.

L. J. Too true. All comedies were then adulterated. But history explains that the fashion became changed after Lady Friskabout and her gallant were hanged. It is strange, however, that it did not become fashionable to get hanged.

L. M. Vices may be fashionable, but punishments never. But what is most unaccountable to me in these old times is, that all the force of ridicule was directed against virtue. A good husband, a virtuous wife, a tender mother, affectionate brothers and sisters, an obedient son or daughter, were all objects of theatrical ridicule. Intriguers, spendthrifts, insidious plotters, duellists,—in short, scoundrels of all sizes, colours, and complexions, were idols of the stage and of the spectators—while a play without vices or even crimes would have been regarded as a fish without sauce.

L. J. Right. History informs that not much above a century has elapsed since that blessed act passed against the public representation of crimes or vices. Odd enough, that the French stage was chaste and moral, and ours the very contrary.

L. M. This is not all. We now know by long experience that wit and ridicule are far more keen and bright when exerted against vice, and nothing has so much contributed to render piety and virtue fashionable as that seizure of the arsenal of the enemy. The race of fops and scoundrels, and of dissipated and worthless women, has almost passed away, though papa says that some still appear at Newgate.

L. J. A nobleman observed at our house yesterday, that

since the old farce of war has been exploded, and the national debt paid off, our country has become like China in canals and highways. It is all one garden. Only think, my dear, of that noble highway between London and Edinburgh, planted with double avenues of the most superb trees, and watched, patrolled, and lighted like our streets here! Our poor are all employed and happy, and our government is more than patriarchal—it is paternal. Our kings are not in name only, but in fact, the fathers of their people.

L. M. Not only so, but our manners and customs have received an equal improvement. Instead of gewgaws and toys, we now delight to see happy countenances. Society has become an intercourse of knowledge and beneficence, while scandal and gambling are left to public women and robbers. A person who has been once seen tipsy cannot be received as a witness in any cause or court. To over-reach in a bargain is punished as an act of theft. Swearing, which once rendered our nation ridiculous to foreigners, is now rarely heard even in jails. How our eyes brighten or glisten with generous tears at the recital of a virtuous action! If vice happen to be mentioned, what a torrent of wit and ridicule! The virtues form the sunshine of the soul; the vices are the candles of our ancestors—the smell of their exit is intolerable.

L. J. Lady Montagu, a woman rather too gay in her time, says in her Letters, that she found by experience that the pursuit of pleasure never fails to conduct to pain, while that of ease leads to many pleasures.

L. M. Perhaps I hinder you from breakfast—it is near eight o'clock.

L. J. Not at all. That stupid ball has stifled my appetite.

L. M. I seldom go to balls; yet my time passes agreeably. I rise at five or six; family prayers at seven, followed by breakfast. Ride out with papa, or go with mamma to buy things. Return by ten to dress. Our dinner is always on the table at twelve. If guests, chit-chat, and perhaps a game at cards: if

only the family, work at my tapestry. Tea and music at four ; at six or seven a bit of supper, family prayers, and bed. Rarely a play, which begins at two and ends at five. These old balls and routs must have been horribly fatiguing ; but fashion changes or suppresses the feelings. I have read that the savages dance and sing when they are led to slaughter.

L. J. You forget reading, a taste for which is a constant source of innocent and rational amusement.

L. M. You know I am a housekeeper, and have little time to read, except on rainy days. But I must hasten home, for we have company to dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

LESSON XXX.

MAGIC AND ALCHYMY.

To warn my readers against idle expenses is the main drift of my labours, and all useless and extravagant pursuits of course belong to my plan, if any plan there turn out to be—for I confess I sometimes call to mind the painter who began a portrait, but ended in producing a landscape ; and if asked what subject he had chosen, would answer, “ As it shall turn out.” Yet the wanderings of Montaigne, and Swift, and Addison, not to mention other celebrated authors, have continued to be regarded as classical, and are greedily read, while regular works have fallen into oblivion. Irregularity and eccentricity have ever been regarded as attributes of genius, and he who, like me, has no pretensions that way, may at least attempt to imitate. That I, who used to look upon an author as a kind of sorcerer, should ever put fist to paper, and write a

large bundle, somewhat resembling a modern book, is, I confess, inconceivable to myself; and repeatedly do I rouse and shake, and take snuff, in order to be enabled to discern, with some degree of certitude, whether I be asleep or awake. The former situation is often accompanied with dreaming, and the latter with talking nonsense, so that possibly I may be between both; and I remember to have read for my sins certain authors, who commit to the press the dreams of their bad nights. Hence we see many romances die of a high fever, histories of the gout, poetry in bedlam, tragedies of the falling sickness, comedies of the *risus sardonius*, operas of the dance of St. Vitus, journals of the jaundice, metaphysics of inanition, learned essays of the dropsy, chronology through the badness of the times; mathematics die in a perpendicular instead of the horizontal line, politics of a diabetes, natural history of hydrocephalus, philosophy of the cramp, sentiment of hysterics, law of repletion and indigestion, medicine of medicine, theology of starvation, the arts of a consumption, logic of frenzy, chemistry of azote, antiquities of rheumatism, botany of love, zoology of hatred, painting of the cholera morbus, engraving by a stroke of apoplexy, oratory by the loss of the palate, biography by the pestilence, and other diseases, caught by keeping bad company. Bless me, what a catalogue here is! I protest it equals Milton's description of an hospital. No wonder, when so many learned noses join to form the Nosology. Even these, good reader, are only the natural diseases of books; but think how many perish by accidents, stifled in infancy by envy or policy, poisoned by misrepresentation, hanged by the critics, stabbed by jealousy, knocked on the head by the fall of a ministry, drowned in the current of vulgar prejudice. When these considerations are duly pondered and perpended, it will appear that the production of a book is an affair of no small risk, hazard, and danger, and deserves the attention of our insurance offices among the objects which they denominate *doubly hazardous*. But when I called

at the Sun Fire Office for this very purpose, a saucy clerk asked if my book was of brick or of wood; and upon my explanation that it consisted only of rags of thoughts written on rags of paper, he had the insolence to refer me to Rag Fair. Vexed, and lost in rumination, I bethought me that it was the life of my book that was in question, so I passed to the Insurance for Lives, Blackfriars; but they said it was quite out of their line, as books were subject to so many diseases and accidents that Paternoster Row might ruin Blackfriars in a single week of hard frost, or even great heat, especially if accompanied by a murrain among the cattle.

A fine trade I have taken up! says I to myself. An odd stock, a strange property, that cannot be insured! But I was comforted by the club, who offered to insure it, as they had all contributed. A member even politely reminded me that I always wrote with the quill of a swan, and never with that of a goose. I made my best bow, for though it was literally true (witness thou, my black ink-horn, genuine English ware!) I had never before thought of this complimentary application. Yet, hieroglyphically speaking, much may depend on this; for do we not see books, written with a goose quill, often partake of the paternal qualities, or perhaps rather sympathetic influences of their productor, while they strut, straddle, and quack, follow each other step by step, hiss at worth and honesty, and have no courage except against the defenceless?

But as I have condemned myself to make a sort of thing like a book, I must submit to my destiny. Yet by what handle to take it I know not, nor at which end to begin, whether at the tail, like a Hebrew grammar or modern novel, at the middle of events, like an epic poem, or at the head, like Euclid's Elements, the only perfect book ever written. I speak here of human works, and leave at a reverential distance those scriptures which enjoin unexceptionable rules for the conduct of man in this life, and confirm the injunction, by announcing a time when the record of our deeds shall be opened by the great and unerr-

ing Author of the Universe. May He guide this poor old hand in a humble subservience to the cause of morality and virtue !

After another reverend pause at this unexpected change of ideas, arising from one word, *perfect*, which belongs only to ONE, I resume my pen. I was thus embarrassed with my machine of paper and ink, when I bethought me of Count Hamilton's Fairy Tales, where it is said, " My friend, the ram, let us begin at the beginning, if you please." The advice is sound and good, but not without exceptions. For it occurs to me that this book-like machine of mine (no offence to it, said I, pulling off my night-cap), strongly resembles what the boys call a paper-kite. In one point the similitude fails, like those of Homer, for the ink, which forms the soul of a book, as the paper does the body, is essential to my gimcrack, but not at all to the said kite. In other respects the resemblance is so strong that you might mistake the one for the other, as a hen takes a chalk egg for her own produce. For the kite is formed of paper, sticks, and strings, while in a bound book the sticks are supplied by leather, often the most solid part about it; a kite is taken by the middle, but upon a slip-string, like my machine; it has a long tail by way of ballast, and to make a show—like an appendix of original letters and papers; it not only flies, but rises higher by constant opposition—for all the world like a good book; lastly, it rises only against the wind, as a good book against popular follies and prejudices. The little boy who holds it is not a plagiarist, who has stolen the kite, but the real maker and owner, who runs along and often looks backward, at the risk of his shins, to see how his kite mounts; that is, I myself, the sole inventor (witness my patent) of this original, variegated, and profound machine, for I perceive that if the wind rise I must take my chance of feeling the vanity and self-complaisance of a raw or parboiled author. My similitude is so complete, that I need not add the little pictures that decorate kites, sold at the shops, which, like prints in books, are chiefly remarked when the kite cannot fly; nor that the

kite, though a simple machine, first brought electric fire from heaven, just like a classical book.

But where have I got? On looking back to the title of my lesson I am stared in the face with "Magic and Alchymy." Good. "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen. The phantasmagoria is open."

Con arte e con inganno si vive mezzo l'anno ;

Con inganno e con arte si vive l'altra parte.

Having in a former lesson treated of the idle expense of money in the vain pursuit of magical experiments, I shall quit that subject with an example from the Memoirs of the Baron de Feneste, or rather Phoeneste, as the author explains that the name is Greek, and implies a man who, in the language of that time, wished *to appear*; that is, as we now say, *to make a figure*, more often of plaster than of marble. The book was written by the celebrated D'Aubigny, the most extraordinary man of the extraordinary age of Henry IV., and is one of the earliest novels that characterize real life; but as the baron uses the Gascon dialect of his country, it is difficult to read or understand, whence the work is only known to a few amateurs, though full of lively pictures of life and manners.

"*Foeneste*. You must know that the lady whom I wished to marry was so uncertain, that I resolved to consult the devil upon the occasion, because an Italian had offered me this expedient, provided I was not afraid. A Gascon afraid! said I: if the very drawbridge of hell were let down, or if I could petard the gate, I engage to drive all the devils like sheep. Well, for the proof. The gate of St. Marceau was left open all night, because it was the year of the pestilence (1606). Having passed through it, we came to a little plain under the castle of Bicetre about eleven o'clock at night, when my Italian conductor again asked me if I was not afraid. Psha! psha! I retorted; it is the devils who tremble to see me, and who put such notions into your head. Upon this he leaves me, and walks about nearly an hour, when he comes to take me by the

hand, and lead me into a circle, which he traced on the ground. He had a white wand of hazel in his hand, and a little instrument to strike fire, with which he burnt some incense, and having pronounced *Adeste spiritus benevoli*, and some other sentences, he desired me to turn to the east.

“Seeing no effects in that quarter, he made me turn towards the south, where he began with *Et ecce ego totus vester*: but perceiving nothing, he said it must be the spirits of the north who are concerned.

“We returned half the circle, and when he began *Agla Varcán*, I saw, as if rising from the earth, a figure as tall as we two mounted on each other, with a monstrous hump behind and before. By the head of St. Mamolin, I never was so frightened; nay, only look, my hair still rises at the very thought of that apparition! Taking instantly to my legs, and running like the very wind, I fell among some thorns, but soon rising, I never once looked behind, and pursued my race till I fell headlong into a huge pit, like a quarry. Luckily, the bottom seemed soft as dung, and I had no limbs broken. Embarrassed how to get out, a little glimpse of a half-moon showed me that I had fallen into a pit opened for those dead of the plague, and half filled with their bodies. Observe my courage and dexterity, for I made a ladder of ten or twelve corpses, and soon gained my apartment, without boasting of any thing. Next day I made the curate say a mass of St. Roque: and he advised me to be blooded for fear of the infection; but I had no fear except of that tall devil. What do you, Mr. Incredulous, say to all this?

“*Enay*. I say there was some ditch or piece of old wall, behind which your devil lay, and who had leisure to mount his crutches when the magician turned you to the south.

“*Foeneste*. In faith and honour, he had very slender legs, as I too well remember. I wish I had now the twelve pistoles which I was forced to give the rogue before he would venture on the experiment.”



Designed and Engraved by J. C. Smith.

GASCON COURAGE.

Published by Thomas Begg, Ludgate Hill, London, Dec. 1849.

Alchymy was another folly which occupied numbers of knaves and dupes for many centuries. It is needless to mention the other vain sciences of those times, such as Cheiromancy, or divining by the lines in the hand; Geomancy, by random marks on the ground; Hydromancy, by a voice from a vessel filled with water; and the like: not to speak of Physiognomy, attempted to be revived by Lavater; though Fielding, a far superior master of character, instructs us to look at a man's face to see if he has had the small-pox, but for nothing else. Alchymy infected even monarchs, and that quack Raimond Lulli is said to have made gold in the presence of our Edward II.

Amidst this infatuation, we find scarcely even an imaginary example of any man enriched by this pursuit. Like magic and witchcraft, it ended in beggary. The only instance of such opulence, still believed by ignorant credulity, is that of Nicolas Flamel, a scrivener of Paris, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, for he died 1417. I have read the original documents, and the plain fact is, that this fellow, whose shop, or rather box, under the church of St. Jaques, did not exceed six feet by four, had, by his trade of bartering money between lenders and borrowers, and probably lending his own to the necessitous at exorbitant interest (the legal, paid to the Lombards or bankers of Milan and Florence, was then twenty per cent.) amassed a considerable sum, and purchased some farms, or rather seized them upon mortgage, in the vicinity of Paris.

The circumstance that put a tinsel upon his reputation is, that, having no children, he took a singular fantasy, not of founding an hospital, but of leaving all to the church, on condition of such numerous commemorations, masses, and ceremonies, in honour of himself and his wife Pernelle, that no emperor ever was so insolent as to exact. His will, which is printed, is so rigorously specific and exact, so worthy of a scrivener, and so punctual in posthumous pride, that he himself expresses a doubt if the clergy will accept, and, on non-accept-

ance, gives a substitution of various churches. The wars with our Henry V. absorbed part of these ill-got revenues, and the clergy abridged some of the pompous ceremonies, requiring a full attendance of priests, deacons, and monks, with luminaries and perfumes of great expense. But this affectation was so utterly new, that the good Parisians (who, as L'Etoile observes, when they see a dog a-drowning are always ready to offer him drink) were bewildered, and instead of satirical songs and vaudevilles, admired such wealth, not conceiving that he had left all for this purpose, while it was only usual to dedicate a small portion. At the same time not imagining that even the sins of a lawyer could demand such profuse expiations, they naturally thought of alchymy and a compact with devils, "who with our spleens would all themselves laugh mortal" at such a perpetual train of masses, high and low, and aspersions of the grave with holy water. Such are the clue and thread of the story of Nicolas Flamel, which embarrassed such able writers as St. Foix and Henault.

One overwhelming idea absorbs many others in its vortex. That of alchymy being once connected with Flamel, the common gothic carvings on a house he built, and on his tomb, were regarded as symbols of his art, as documents to acquire wealth. As such they were published at Paris, 1612, 4to, in a volume of great rarity, and little value. Figures of apostles, saints, angels, with dragons, &c. to fill up angles, are regarded by the initiated as all symbolic of alchymy! Nay, so late as 1756 some fools gave 3000 livres for permission to ruin part of his house, in order to discover hidden treasures! I was about to ridicule the credulity of the Parisians—when Mrs. Southcote touched my left ear.

Modern chymistry laughs at alchymy, and Sir Humphry Davy gets gold by another form of procedure. Sulphur, mercury, and the essential oil of Mars or iron, are now chiefly known in the pharmacies of the army and navy. But alchymy is not unknown to various European governments, who even

resemble Midas in the power of converting all they touch, nay, light itself, which is intangible, into gold—I do not mention his ears, for fear of my own.

But this gold, when attracted in all directions, is apt to vanish, or appear in a ghost called paper, which ends in fire and smoke, just like alchymy: for the banks of London and Vienna burn their paper after certain periods, and in such quantities that the very cobalt, used to whiten that substance, remains in a blue mass, which costs more to produce than a temple of solid gold—for only think of one bank note for £100,000. A late duke, who left about two millions and a half, had always one framed over his chimney. I protest it makes my mouth water, for no painting by Michael Angelo ever was so strong and expressive, nor Raffaele so majestic, nor Guido so graceful! Montaigne says that if we cannot be rich or great we may at least avenge ourselves by railing at the rich and the great. But this is not my principle, nor that of the club, who rail at no one; and in a winter day have found the *sunny bank* very warming and invigorating. Far from railing at bank-notes, I love them dearly, as companions who, without any tongue, can speak all languages—such is the universal and immortal credit of old England, who, whether her throne be of paper or of gold, always commands the same respect from her worth and talents,—adherent, intrinsic, inalienable.

I have read a few odd books, and am glad to display my little learning, as he who has only one guinea is proud to show it. I must therefore say, and relate the anecdote as curious and important, that in China, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, neither gold nor silver were permitted in currency, but only paper, which was of a yellow colour, and stamped with the imperial seal. Foreign merchants were obliged to leave their coin at the custom-houses in exchange for these bank-notes.

Was it Augustus who observed that the fisc or treasury is the spleen of the state, for when enlarged it is at the expense

of all the other members? This was not however the opinion of the emperor Frederic II., who took what gold he could get at in Italy, and gave leathern money in exchange, if my authors do not tell false like almanacs. In like manner William the Norman, king of Sicily, called the Bad because he opposed the Pope, procured an insidious law that all hidden treasure should belong to the monarch; in consequence of which he seized all the money of his subjects, whether hidden in chests or purses, giving leathern money in exchange, stamped with the royal arms. Nay, to make an experiment if his orders had been exactly obeyed, he sent one of his finest horses to be sold at Palermo, the disguised groom only demanding as the price one small coin of gold. A young nobleman, eager to purchase, bethought him that when his father died his mother had placed a gold coin in his mouth—a curious remain of ancient superstition, having been originally designed to pay Charon's fare. He opened the sepulchre, took the coin, and bought the steed. When the royal alchymist heard the circumstances, he was convinced that the precious metals only existed in his own treasury, and exulted not a little in his artifice. But the true wealth of a beloved monarch is when the people are ready to open their purses to supply his just necessities.

These instructions against the waste of money in such idle pursuits as magic and alchymy must not be closed without a protest against a more frequent practice—that of telling fortunes, as it is called. The fair sex is the most credulous in this respect, and often pays dearly for this folly. I knew an instance of a young lady going to consult one of these seers, who had the brutality to predict that she would not survive one of the most beloved of her relatives. The prediction accomplished itself, for not all the resources of medical skill, combined with the soothing attentions of her friends, could remove the fatal impression. The laws of England are wisely provident against a practice so big with evils, and so contrary to the maxims of religion. “Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof,” and we are required to trust in pro-

vidence as one of the chief fruits of faith. It is hoped my countrywomen, generally eminent in virtue as in beauty, will cease to degrade themselves by such a silly and dangerous curiosity. If the Parisians will run after Moreau the conjuror, Mademoiselle Normand, and the Sibyl of the Chaussée D'Antin, *à la bonne heure*. The foretelling by cards is a mere fragment of the old geomancy, and is, if possible, more absurd than any other mode. A game at cards will afford a more rational amusement, without the fatal effects of disagreeable presciences.

LESSON XXXI.

MARRIAGE.

IN our club calculation is regarded as the chief of all the sciences, and a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic always lies on the table. To calculate expenses and future contingencies is one of the most essential objects in life, and nothing can give a wise man more pain than to say, "I did not calculate upon this." A great secret is to abstract one's self from the present events, and to look back at them as if you were removed to the distance of a whole year. Upon this plan repentance is seldom bought, or at least does not cost so dear as Demosthenes expressed himself to Lais the courtesan.

The most powerful of all the instincts of nature is an obstacle to this calculation in our youthful years, and the prescience of a family, and the consequent want of ways and means, is merged and absorbed in the fortitude of hope, and the impassioned flush of imagination.

Fancy and Hope too soon will of themselves expire.

The consolation of the poor, "When God sends mouths, he sends bread," is excellent, and even authorised by the beneficent Jesus, when he says that the Father of all, who feeds even the little birds, will not refuse his supplies to a far more important part of the creation. Yet in too many families the birth of a child is regarded with deep regret, as an additional expense, a supplemental mean of misery. Nothing is more just than the trivial maxim, "One half of the world does not know how the other half lives." The birth of a child is to a rich man a source of the purest joy; he can indulge the delicious feelings of a father, while in a man of scanty income they are stifled by the sense of personal distress, and a new claim upon a pittance already insufficient. The French well say that any one idle expense would maintain two children; but where there is no idle expense, what retrenchment can take place without absolute privation?

Rousseau, one of the sentimental tribe, sent all his children, three, and legitimate by the French law, as he married the mother, to the Foundling Hospital of Paris. This conduct charity will impute to excessive poverty; but if that poverty had not been attended by a mistaken pride, it would have been relieved by many rich friends and patrons. I can see no degradation in receiving a present from an opulent and worthy benefactor; and, on the contrary, am always ready to say with Sir John Falstaff, "He who rewards me, the Lord reward him." And even this false pride was frustrated by the vile wench whom he married, and who, with an artifice worthy of her low birth and breeding, took the presents herself; and, to save explanations, set him a quarrelling with all his friends and acquaintance. He was a poor ignorant creature, as his writings show; and, in fact, a madman "inspired with eloquence." The French, whose heads are of a different form from ours, rising in the middle, from the constant ebullition of "the idea-pot," are apt to confound matters wholly distinct. They applaud or condemn "Rousseau and Voltaire," thus blending two writers

who were bitter enemies, and are wholly unlike. Rousseau deals in small wares, in romances and pamphlets, and keeps a sentiment-shop, where he sells true-love-knots, toys for children, and other frippery and flummery. Voltaire is a wholesale merchant, who sells some articles of value, and richly embroidered, while indeed many others are not only contraband, but impoisoned, with regard to young and delicate constitutions. My apothecary sells arsenic, but I only take magnesia. Rousseau was the nursing father—I had almost said nursery-father—of French democracy, or rather *savagery* (new things demand new words); it was he that made *citoyens* and *citoyennes* to be sent like his children to the hospital. The fruit of his flourishing romances was the poisonous apple called adultery, and of his *contrat social* the choke-pears called theft and murder. Voltaire, on the contrary, was born, bred, and died an aristocrat, the friend of monarchs and of monarchy, of noblemen and of nobility. A protestant reader will not be so much disgusted if, after thanks to Heaven for the blessings bestowed on his own country, and the rational religion we enjoy, he will reflect that Voltaire's attacks regard the catholic system, which, far from being christian, is the most anti-christian that could have been devised; nevertheless, Voltaire justly merits to be regarded as one whose religious principles should never be recognised, whose writings are replete with infidelity.

But, says the critic, “in the name of common sense and exact logic, what has your savagery, and all the rest, to do with marriage? Here is a digression with a witness!”—Be cool, I beg you, Mr. Critic; do not swear, else you will catch no fish. If you be impatient, pray wait till your impatience be over. Be candid for once (it shall not cost you a penny), and consider that though I lecture on marriage, I am not married to my subject. It is only one of my numerous acquaintance, with whom I can use freedom. At the same time rest assured that I am more acquainted with all my subjects than you, and

if the reader's good humour acquiesce I am satisfied. Good day and good night to your cavilling cap!

Not to digress from my digression, it may be observed in a few words, that as piety enriched the catholic church, so that very wealth became its ruin. This consequence was remote from the thoughts of the original donors, who only regarded four things, as appears from thousands of their charters, published or preserved, and well known to the learned all over Europe. 1. To save their souls from purgatory by laying up treasures in heaven. 2. For this purpose, as rewards are promised to those who feed the poor, *one-third* of the estate or other property is, in the very first, named to be employed by the clergy in the relief of the poor, and in administering to them all the sacraments *gratis*. 3. *Another third* of the free revenue is to be expended in the repairs and decorations of the churches, in church-plate, and vestments. 4. The *last third* is for the use and maintenance of the clergy themselves. Such is the genuine form and tenor of all those charters of mortmain, and it was only by the sacrilegious rapine and profane perversion of the catholic priests, friars, and monks, that they enriched the church, not only by gifts, but by purchases, to such a degree that one half of the lands of most of the kingdoms of Europe was in their possession. In France the evil had got to such a height that Louis XII., the father of his people, was constrained to pass several ordinances to restrict those deeds of mortmain, and to resume any lands that seemed doubtful; as, he says, they remained uncultivated because the church had far more than it could manage or turn to account. Many religious houses kept up a precarious hospitality to the poor, merely to save appearances; but in general the poor and the sacred edifices were absolutely forgotten, and the stewards, as not unusual, became unprincipled landlords. A poor widow was obliged to give her only hen to a rich priest for the trouble of hearing her confession, and the other extortions practised

would pass all belief. They have occurred before my own eyes, and I have scarcely refrained from ejaculating, “why the boon which the creator so graciously and freely gave, was not liberally and gratefully acknowledged.”

Dicite, pontifices in sacro quod facit aurum ?

This wealth, sacrilegiously stolen from the poor, became a curse instead of a blessing to the avaricious robbers, as a hot-bed of corruption and every vice. I speak not of the worst: while the most decent, and even some devotees duly commemorated “in storied urn or animated bust,” wasted the allotments to the poor and repairs in the most expensive luxuries, and in recompensing those who were base enough to devise excuses for their iniquities. “*Themis seu Justitia divina lente, lente ; sed SEQUITUR tamen.*” Certainly, “those who serve the altar should live by the altar,” and that in respectability and comfort ; but great wealth, like power, is too apt to corrupt even the best intentions. Catholic bishops have been called saints, because they gave alms ; while, in fact, they could only give what their predecessors had insidiously obtained. All the divine offices and sacraments are sacrilegiously and simoniously sold for money, a commodity which the apostles and their immediate successors conscientiously disclaimed, except for the purposes of pure charity. Every word spoken by a priest costs a PENNY OR THREE FARTHING ; and at Paris you cannot step into a catholic church without three demands, sufficient to disturb any sense of devotion : a woman comes with a box, “please, sir, to remember the poor ;” another’s box is “for repairs of the fabric ;” while a third demands a penny for your seat. What a traffic, what a merchandise ! Who can blame the contempt of such a system, not of worship, but of profanation and impiety ? A system swoln with error, prejudice, and superstition ! Restore even a shadow of real religion, the religion of the conscience and the heart, and even the profane will be abashed, while the good exult and adore.

The denial of marriage to the priests is the cause of infinite misery, and is not reconcileable either to the pure doctrines of the gospel, the laws of nature, or the true interests of society. This unwholesome ordination extinguishes patriotism, and by placing whole classes of men in a state which excludes them from the common sympathies of humanity, enforces a surly egotism. The establishment of nunneries is liable to the same objections, and has been productive of woes still more poignant. This is not the place to record the enormities that have been perpetrated under the guise of monachism; suffice it therefore to say, that the system itself is one of the most hideous features of despotism, and can never be endured, even in its least imperfect form, in a country which has the spirit to maintain its freedom.

A learned catholic priest, Fonteius, has written a treatise, which I have read in manuscript, *De antiquo jure Presbyterorum*, "On the ancient rights of the priests" to sit in judgment with the bishop, who, in the primitive church, did nothing without their assent, as appears from numerous passages of St. Cyprian, and other early writers. Some of his remarks on the state of the Gallican church, when he wrote in 1674, are not a little striking. "When by the piety of Christians the wealth of the bishops was increased, and along with it their inordinate cupidity of more riches, they began to follow the courts of kings, and to be treated familiarly by them, thus acquiring a vast weight of authority; which was afterwards supported by two causes, the favour of the court, and the poverty of the priests, whose very number rendered them contemptible, and subject to the dominion and mockery (*ludificationi*) of the great, nay, of the bishops themselves. It is therefore an object of the deepest grief that wealth should have ever introduced such terrible evils into the church, and the only poor consolation remaining is, that it is idle for an individual to grieve for the faults of all. For, as in Italy, the poor bishops of every village (created by the popes merely to balance or outvote in a

general council all the other bishops of Europe) are despised amidst the purple, splendour, and wealth of the cardinals, what wonder if amidst the grandeur of the catholic bishops, supported by infinite accessions of opulence, the priests are disregarded, while their virtues are oppressed in the concealment of poverty, both in towns and in the country? Ordain therefore as I humbly pray, O God! thou the best and the greatest! who in the depth of thy infinite councils and purposes humblest the proud and exaltest the humble, that the priests who serve at thy altar may recover their pristine dignity by the dispersion of the pride of the lightest and vainest of mankind! Permit no longer, O God! that man rule over man for his affliction; that the sinner be praised in his worldly desires; or he that judges in iniquity be called blessed!" He then closes with a quotation from St. Jerome on the vices of the bishops of his time, because they had begun to forget their rank, which was only that of eldest *presbyter*, or chief of the priests, and to emancipate themselves from ecclesiastical censures, so that none dared to blame while there was no judge. In fact, a modern French bishop is chiefly known by his consequence, by his insisting on his servants styling him *Monseigneur*, and by a golden cross suspended at his breast.

So much for catholic priests and their want of marriage. But even allowing for every inconsistency of that contrarious animal man, is it not strange, nay, "passing strange," that those unmarried priests should have formed the strange code called Canon Law, by which even in protestant countries all conjugal affairs are arranged? They were precisely, in the eye of common sense, the persons least qualified even in theory, far less in practice, to form such laws.

LESSON XXXII.

HESIOD'S ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

HAVING read an old translation of Hesiod's poem called "Works and Days," I was struck with its antique gravity, and the dignity and solidity of its maxims. As our club respects him and the elder Cato as its earliest founders and prototypes, a literary member has supplied me with the following observations.

This work of Hesiod's may be regarded as his only remaining production, for his countrymen, the Bœotians, even in the time of Pausanias, denied the authenticity of all the others ascribed to him, as that exact writer informs us. The Theogony and Shield of Hercules breathe nothing of that affecting simplicity and remote antiquity which impress every line of the "Works and Days," and declare an epoch more ancient than that of Homer, as is now the opinion of the most enlightened chronologists and critics. But this is not the only instance in which modern editors (most of whom have exchanged the ore of good sense for the tinsel of erudition) have betrayed their want of common sagacity; being deluded by the practice of ancient disciples, for example, the Pythagoreans, of inscribing their works with the name of their master, and still more by the fraud of impudent sophists and sciolists, who forged works under great names merely to gain money by selling copies. Little penetration or skill in antiquity is necessary to discern that the treatise "On Water, Air, and Situations," and several others imputed to Hippocrates, are mere fabrications; nay, even ecclesiastic severity has been blind to the celebrated "Confessions" of St. Augustine, which consist only of ten books, the

three last belonging to quite a different work, "Meditations on the Book of Genesis." He must be sufficiently credulous who can think that the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice" was written by Homer, or the Epistles of Phalaris and other ancients were of their pen instead of that of a covetous sophist. Some of those forgeries are very ancient, for money and scoundrels are of remote antiquity; and even some ancients ascribe to Hesiod a large poem "On the Actions of Illustrious Women," to rival Homer, say they, who had treated those of men! An idea so puerile could only be produced in the barren brain of a necessitous sophist.

Hesiod's immortal poem, the "Works and Days," is addressed to his brother Perses, whom he sometimes accuses of folly, because he had wasted his share of their common patrimony. This freedom has never been used in any modern dedication. So blind are editors, that Heinsius was the first who observed the general mistake that it is a poem on agriculture, while it, in fact, contains the whole economy of human life, and agriculture only occupies its proper place and portion. To understand this essential object, let us review the general plan, after observing that Tzetzes long since had styled it most justly "A Poem on Ethics and Economics."

After an address to the Muses, and a devout acknowledgment of the power of Jove, who exalts the humble and depresses the proud, he professes his intention (the subject of the poem) *to declare useful truths to Perses*: and blames contention as a source of great evils, but praises honest emulation.

The poet then cautions his brother against lawsuits, and gently hints that he bribed the judges, whom Hesiod, in the simplicity of ancient diction, calls "kings." It is to them that he applies his celebrated maxim, "the fools, they know not how much the half is more than the whole;" often used by the ancients to recommend moderation. He then instructs us that the daily food of temperance is easily procured, but that Jove is enraged against mankind on account of the theft of Prome-

theus ; and though man was endued with mental and corporeal gifts by many deities, yet Jove sent Pandora to gall him with afflictions, which are enumerated. The passage is contrasted with a description of the golden age, in which men lived innocent and happy, and after death became the guardian spirits of their fellow men. The silver age follows, and is succeeded by the brazen, for iron, says he, was not then invented : and even Homer mentions it as very rare, that metal demanding more skill and elaboration than copper, which is often found native.

The next race, however, Hesiod regards as more just and better than the brazen, being the heroes, and sons of heroes, who fought at Thebes and Troy, “ for the sake of fair-haired Helen ;” and whose souls passed to the Fortunate Islands. “ Would,” says Hesiod, “ that I did not belong to the FIFTH race, and that I had been dead before, or born after !” He then mentions the toils, miseries, and cares of the *iron* age. The fable of the hawk and lark is followed by advice against injustice, contrasted by the happiness of the just and temperate. He repeatedly addresses “ kings” or magistrates on their judgments, and adds that there are thirty thousand invisible guardians to protect mankind against wicked judges ; thus enouncing an epoch when the sole judges were petty kings or chiefs, as among the savages. “ But I must tell thee, O most foolish Perses ! that it is easy to accumulate vice, but the immortal gods have ordained a long and arduous path to the abode of virtue, very rough at first, but afterwards easy.”

Having established the solid foundations of justice and virtue, our venerable bard proceeds to the praises of industry, which may be said to occupy the rest of the poem, for we are already arrived at the 330th line, and the whole only contains 764. After many maxims of moral conduct, he advises good neighbourhood and strict economy, “ for parsimony is too late when you arrive at the bottom of the bag.” He next recommends caution against female blandishments, by a remark not at all honourable to his courtesy. And he afterwards observes, that though the

more wealth the more care, yet he shall instruct his brother how to become rich.

Accordingly, at line 383, when half the poem has elapsed, he begins his curious and interesting details concerning ancient *agriculture* (in which the description of winter is fine and picturesque), and they extend to line 616, not a third part of the poem. These are followed by advices concerning *navigation and commerce*, truly worthy of their simple commencements. "My father and yours, most foolish Perses, sailed with ships, being indigent of livelihood, and came hither, having crossed an immense sea from Cuma in Æolis in a black ship, neither abandoning revenue, wealth, nor means, but miserable poverty, as Jove will sometimes give to men. He dwelled in a pitiful village near Helicon, called Ascra, bad in winter, inconvenient in summer, at no time eligible." Hesiod adds that he shall give directions for navigation, though he has never been at sea, except on the short passage from Aulis to Eubœa, where he gained a prize of poetry.

Having discussed this dangerous topic, he passes, at line 694, to one still more dangerous—the choice of a wife. The husband should be thirty, the wife seventeen. Other moral precepts follow, among which "never reproach any man with his soul-devouring poverty, for it is sent by the immortal gods." Some are only curious from their naked simplicity and antique superstition. Our venerable bard closes his precepts and his poem with the remark that a bad name is easily got, vexatious to bear, difficult to lose; while Fame, herself a goddess, never permits a good reputation to perish.

The "Days," or advices concerning lucky and unlucky days for different labours, only occupy about sixty lines, and merely serve to show the antiquity of this superstition.

The useful precepts of ethics and domestic economy contained in this exquisite relic of remote antiquity are too numerous to be repeated. Any reader will perceive that its true title in an English translation should be "The economy of human life,"

and such a translation might be rendered a more faithful resemblance, by being not only in blank verse, but in antique language, borrowed from Pierce Ploughman and Chaucer. What a treat if Chaucer had translated Hesiod!

LESSON XXXIII.

PARSIMONY OF WORDS.

OUR club is frugal even of speech, and little addicted to that idle expenditure called elocution: *eloquentiæ satis, sapientiæ parum*. I cannot for my life conceive where I have found words to make a book; yet writing and speaking are two things, and the Spectator, who seldom spoke, has contrived to produce eight excellent volumes.

It is not above a century that the British senate has been ruled by eloquence (and to rule the senate is to rule the nation), in despite of the terrible sentence of Sallust above quoted, which implies that eloquence and wisdom are not always conjoined. It is doubtful if Burleigh, and the other sage ministers of queen Elizabeth, ever made long speeches; yet none ever exceeded them in the solid and profound maxims of policy, and in unsophisticated practical wisdom. Truth has no occasion for decorations, “and is, when unadorned, adorned the most.” The only aim of eloquence is to persuade others to be of our opinion; but whether that opinion be the best is a very different consideration. The French representative assemblies were ruled by *l’esprit*, often a mere bright coruscation of nonsense, often a foil to disguise the worthlessness of the gem, often a blind to hide the want of knowledge. With us *wit* is in its place, and for government we prefer men of business.

What possessor of a large estate would choose for his steward a wit or an orator? He looks about for a man deeply conversant in the practical experience of important concerns.

It is recorded that when Mr. Burke once offered himself as member of parliament for the city of Bristol, he was accompanied on the hustings by a worthy and opulent merchant, proposed as the second member. Our great orator made what is called a flaming speech; and, after the applause had ceased, the mercantile candidate stepped forth, but contented himself with exclaiming, "I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke: I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke." Yet perhaps, with his *ditto*, he would have proved the wiser senator.

In like manner it is found, among the ancient apophthegms, that a great public design being in agitation, a candidate for the employment displayed much elocution on the topic; but when his speech was finished, a plain but responsible man rose up, and only said, "Fellow citizens, all that this man has spoken I engage to perform;" upon which he obtained the votes of all the assembly.

The frugality of speech among the Spartans is a trivial theme, nor was it unknown to the Romans. A terrible instance is that of Julius Cæsar, when Metellus opposed his entrance into the public treasury. Putting his hand to his sword, he said, "Young man, it is easier for me to act than to speak."

Paucity of words is also emphatic in what is called dry humour, of which I have heard a dry instance. A Scottish minister, not remarkable for powers of speech, going to church to hold forth, was surprised by a violent shower. Overtaking a friend, he said, "What shall I do? I am wet to the skin."—"Never mind," answered his friend, "you will be dry enough when you are in the pulpit."

A very singular will having occurred in my heterogeneous reading, in which the testator only made use of *two words*, I hope I shall be excused for copying it, as unique in its sort, and a great curiosity.

“ Before us, notaries of the king at Lyons undersigned, and in presence of the witnesses after-named, appeared Mr. Peter Rossignol, citizen of Lyons, who being healthy and sound in his person and senses, excepting the faculty of speech, of which he has been deprived more than two years by an attack of apoplexy, as is well known to the said notary and witnesses, insomuch that I, the said notary, have been since employed by him in passing different deeds at his request, as leases, acquittances, and other writings; yet being sound in the faculty of hearing, and still able to articulate *Yes* and *No*, with *Jesus*, *Maria*, and several other words.

“ The said Rossignol, being in my office, exhibited to me a will he formerly made before me, the said notary, dated the 6th Nov. 1671, in the intention of making another, and being interrogated if he came to me for the purpose of making another testament, he answered *Yes*.

“ At the same time, taking me by the hand, he led me to his dwelling-house, in the street called Gros-lé, where being, and having conducted me to a lower chamber, which looks into the court towards the east, after having called the said witnesses, he made me a sign to read his will of 6th Nov. 1671, after making the sign of the cross upon his person. In the perusal, when I came to the passage which directs his burial to be in the parish church of St. Nisier, he stopped me, and said *No*. Upon this, being asked where he wished to be interred, and making signs which I understood not, I asked him if it were at the Hotel Dieu, and he answered *No*: if at the Cordeliers, and he answered *Yes*.

“ Being then interrogated what sum he meant to bequeath for prayers for the repose of his soul, and for the annual commemoration, he took a purse of jettons, and counted out ten, and, doubling repeatedly, the total amounted to three hundred livres, which he assented was the sum implied.

“ As to the legacies to the Hotel Dieu and to La Charité of thirty livres each, being asked if he persisted, he said *Yes*: if

he wished to augment them, he said *No*. With regard to the legacy to his father, Claude Rossignol, said *No*, and made signs that he was deceased: as to his nieces, showed a list of his nearest relations, at the head of which was his sister Catharine, and testified by jettons that he meant to leave her three hundred livres; and being asked if that were the sum, answered *Yes*.

“In like manner he specified other legacies, which were confirmed by *Yes*.

“Being interrogated if he had not other relations, he answered *Yes*: if he left them any thing, said *No*. If he forgot Françoise Serpolet, his wife, made signs that she was dead; and being asked if she was dead, said *Yes*. Interrogated if he intended any legacy to his wife's relations, said *No*.

“Interrogated whom he designed as his general heir, after payment of the legacies, he went into the kitchen on the same floor, and brought by the hand Louisa Justel, his niece, with many endearments. Asked if she were the heiress, answered *Yes*. When I inquired of Louisa Justel if she was a relation of the testator, she answered that she is his niece, and has been in his service for two years and a half. The which Louisa Justel having returned to the kitchen, I, the said notary, in presence of the said witnesses, did read once and again this will to the testator in a loud and clear voice: to every article he answered *Yes*. Upon the whole, *Yes*. If he revoked his former testament, *Yes*.”

Executed 14th March, 1682, with the signatures of the witnesses, and that of Faverion, notary. Confirmed by the parliament of Paris 9th Aug. 1683; the singularity having occasioned doubts and contestation.

As this testament was founded upon two words, so there is an example of a will frustrated and set aside on account of one word. This also happened in France, but a previous explanation is necessary. Before the revolution, different provinces

and even towns were governed by different laws and customs, called the *Coutumes* of such a place. Many were peculiar, especially those of the provinces styled *de Droit Ecrit*, or of Written Law. In such a province testaments were sometimes conducted in the following form: The testator wrote or signed his will upon stamped paper, and folded it in another paper, laced with a narrow ribbon. He then presented it to a notary, who wrote on the envelop the declaration of the testator, which was signed by the notary and not fewer than seven witnesses, the testator affixing his seal to the knot of the ribbon. After his death the will was opened in the presence of a magistrate, being brought by the notary, accompanied by the witnesses, and was read aloud, that all concerned might know the dispositions.

A rich young lady, married to a jealous and avaricious husband, fell into a lingering sickness or consumption, which threatened to end fatally. As there were no children, her property would of course have reverted to her brothers, a count and an abbé, whom she loved as much as she detested her husband, who, with affected kindness and much solicitation, tormented her to make a will in his favour, a custom also authorized in the provinces *de Droit Ecrit*. To get rid of this persecution, and end her days in peace, she consented to make a secret will, in the forms above-mentioned, in order, as she said, that she might not lose the friendship of her brothers during her remaining existence. The testament, ready drawn by the husband's directions, was brought to her bed-side, instantly signed, wrapped in its cover, and laced by a ribbon with her own hands, knotted and sealed with all the formalities, and presented to a notary, summoned, with witnesses, for the occasion.

Her death ensued a short time after; and the husband, exulting in his success, called the relations and notary to learn, in presence of the judge, the particulars of a will which he well knew. At every new clause in his favour he triumphantly

surveyed the countenances of the brothers, who could not contain their vexation and surprise that she should institute, for her sole and unlimited heir, the object of her detestation. Their gestures and expressions gave an additional zest to his joy, which was soon to be reversed; for when the notary came to the signature, he threw the will on the floor, exclaiming "What, what is this? Am I here to be made a fool of?" The will was then handed to the judge, who pronounced it null, and of no possible avail. "But why, why, why?" cried the stammering and chap-fallen husband. "Because, sir, it is signed, in very clear and distinct writing, NEBUCHADNEZZAR."

Thus one word was as fatal as one letter in the treaty between Charles V. and the elector of Saxony, where *euig*, *lasting*, being put for *enig*, *any*, left the elector to an imprisonment of some years, instead of passing free without any captivity, as was the spoken agreement.

LESSON XXXIV.

CHEAP COOKERY.

THIS is a most essential article in œconomics. But books of cookery are to be avoided, as leading to temptation and useless expense.

There seems some distant relationship between medicine and cookery. But many physicians have been philosophers, whence the very numerous ingredients in a recipe, (and, if I remember right, mithridate or theriac consisted of sixty-four), have been discovered only to neutralise each other by their opposite qualities, and two, three, or four are now held sufficient. On the contrary, cookery still delights in a multitude of ingredients,

alike opposite to health and good sense. Whence a celebrated physician at Paris, when called to a rich patient, never failed to visit the kitchen, and make a profound reverence to the cook—"Sir, I infinitely respect you and all of your profession, without which ours would be in a sad plight."

Though Sir John Hill was the author of the book of cookery which bears the name of Mrs. Glass, he has shown little discernment in his receipts, which, like the old dispensaries, are crowded with useless ingredients. Sir John was partly a man of science, partly a man of letters; and which of the characters is the more useful may be doubted, though the former begins to affect a pre-eminence. If we judge from the real practical benefits conferred on society, both are much on a par; as the speculations of science have added little or nothing to the common comforts of life, and a man of literature, by reviving an ancient invention, may do as much. In both faculties patience is the chief spring. Yet it is mortifying to humanity that the most patient of all animals should be the ass. If a man of science resemble an ass, a man of letters might, in hieroglyphical images, be depicted as a mule, having more of the qualities of Pegasus. But this is as idle a competition as to question whether an apple-tree or a pear-tree be of superior benefit.

Dr. Hunter, of York, has published a humorous book on cookery; but the best has been recently given by an English lady, for the use of her daughters. Our club has, however, little occasion for such books, and, above all, for the large and thick volume published by the cook of an opulent marquis, and containing a minute detail of all his dinners for a twelve-month. It is, however, curious as a practical view of modern luxury, and the art of acquiring diseases.

Soup, a favourite dish in France, Spain, and Italy, is little relished in the northern countries, where more solid food is preferred. Even our poor were not delighted with the economical soups. Yet an Italian author has observed that soup

has seven good qualities: it satisfies hunger, appeases thirst, procures sleep, aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, clears the head, reddens the cheeks.

The subject of cheap cookery might fill an useful little volume of receipts; and only a few general remarks, as already given, can belong to our present design. Some philosophers have imagined that the qualities of the mind, and even national manners, are influenced by the nature of the food. In that case it might be of consequence to indicate the nutrition adapted to different professions and characters. Not being qualified to compose a system on this important subject, I shall content myself with a few hints.

A young warrior should devour the Scottish dish called cock-aleeky, composed of game-cocks stewed with leeks. If on continental service, he may sometimes regale with the head of a wild boar, killed by himself.—N. B. The tusks are rather of difficult digestion.

As a young physician will find that the surest road to practice is to please the ladies, which, for the sake of his character, can only be effected by agreeable manners and chit-chat, he may be well advised to make his chief dish of tongues, particularly that of calf.—N. B. An ignorant cook will often add the brain, but it is wholly unnecessary.

An itinerant preacher will find his advantage in confining himself to brain of hare and addle-eggs. This simple food will be found to mortify the flesh, especially if the drink be brisk cider, which, by its effervescence, can hardly fail to inspire eloquence. For a little variety, he may sometimes indulge in a calf's lungs and liver, or in ox-palates, which strengthen the voice to a Stentorian firmness of tone.

A merchant with his roasted turkey should not neglect the herbs called sage and speedwell. Mint is also very beneficial; and his credit may be much extended by the use of any acceptable draught, provided it be duly followed by a correspondent dose of Henry Hase's cordial.

A statesman should beware of the dish called by the actors on a smaller theatre goose and apple-sauce. The fish called *plaice* will afford an excellent dinner, and of easy digestion, while gudgeons and mushrooms form a nice supper.—N. B. At bed-time he should use strong eye-waters, but caution all his friends against them, and recommend cordials.

Pheasants, and occasionally young peacocks, may be recommended to a fine lady; though some of depraved taste will prefer beef à-la-mode, especially that of the Swiss cantons. Some even eat parrots' brains, or a fricassee of butterflies. The most frivolous, who are always the most proud (pride being only a veil to hide the conscious want of merit), may eat mushrooms, either stewed or pickled.

A lawyer will find a congruous nourishment in pike and eel. A stock-broker, in lame ducks. A dancing-master should not neglect the frequent use of thyme and capers. A gamester should feast on pigeons.

The bottoms of sun-flowers are as palatable as those of artichokes, and may be recommended to such senators as always regard the sun; weathercocks being rather hard of digestion, though not difficult to catch if off their station. Stewed snails are also congruous, as by mere creeping and cringing they will ascend to great heights. *Plaice* is an excellent and most nourishing food, but is not always to be found in the market. Oysters, gaping on the rise of the tide, are also not amiss. A turn-coat should learn to boil his own lobsters, as the change of colour is delightful.

A tragic author, if he have only bread and cheese, may add raw onions, as in paring them he will excite tears. A comic writer, more at his ease, if he can by his wit or wits procure a capon or a fowl, should of course prefer the merry-thought.—N. B. The same kinds of food will also respectively agree with the two classes of actors.

An historian may indulge in carp, daube, and ale—

While History, with her companion ale,
Tells the sad series of her serious tale.

Dried pears, and all sorts of pickles and preserves, are also a congruous nourishment.

To succeed as a counsellor it is necessary to be as impudent as a highwayman's horse; and a choice slice of the haunch of the animal is named as a rare secret, especially if killed with a blunderbuss, and the master hung in chains. For readiness and repartee, a salt herring, with mustard and vinegar, just before the cause comes on, with a large glass of genuine Irish usquebaugh, of the yellow or brazen colour. All sharp sauces of cayenne, verjuice, and other acrimonious ingredients, are of exquisite utility, and all curries, especially that of shark.

A young lord, destined to live at court, should chiefly feed on calf's-head and whipped cream, or gooseberry-fool, according to the season.

A beau, young dog, or puppy, should learn to strut in Bond-street or Pall-mall without any dinner; a practice which will be found to increase his emptiness. He may also suck the brains of geese, mixed with calf's-foot jelly, or, when married, that of hart's-horn. For variety, he may eat the thighs of beetles, butterflies minced, or other light food. The little flowering plant, called London-pride, may also be used in its season.

These hints will suffice, and the intelligent will extend them for the benefit of society and the perfectibility of man.

LESSON XXXV.

VILLAGE LIFE.

SOME proficient in œconomy prefer the living in a village ; but this plan is not without its inconveniences. The butcher kills a sheep one week, and a calf another : you must eat only mutton or veal. If he at times venture on an ox, you must live on beef for a fortnight. You have your own ducks and poultry, but on a small scale : it is painful to kill animals always under your eye, and claiming food and protection. If you purchase from the peasants, the ducks are gross, and the poultry tough. You have your own vegetables ; but, as the gardener has many to serve, he has sown and planted the several sorts at once, so that, all ripening together, you must continue the daily use of cauliflower or pease, and, after all, lose half ; so that you may buy them cheaper in the market. You are fortunate if you can command good beer or wine, for there is little or no choice.

As to society, it is well depicted in the comedy of the modern Moliere, M. Picard, called *La Petite Ville*. That lively painter of present manners has justly delineated the faults in a small town, which are those of a capital, but more disgusting, as being more within view. Add that the most trivial actions become public. To walk out, to go to dinner, to go to tea and cards, are events that occupy the eyes of all the women at the windows, and furnish topics of many conjectures and speculations. One old maid is sufficient to madden all her neighbours, and set them all a fighting about a rotten onion. The chief persons are the curate, the lawyer, and the apothecary, whom you may mark by the chief houses in the village ; and the visits on so small a scale are formal and monotonous. In the walks there

to face Page 158.



Designed and Engraved by J. A. Kneller.

THE PLEASURES OF ANGLING.

Published by Thomas Bays, Ludgate Hill, London, Dec. 1819.

are cattle; and bulls and foolish persons are the only dangerous animals in the British empire.

Ceremony holds her ancient sceptre, and must be worshipped even on passing a stile, where the company waits like cows at a narrow passage, who stand till the most qualified shall precede. At church the want of an organ is supplied by a band of clowns or mechanics, who, by beating on old drums, scraping old fiddles, and squeaking through old flutes, while others mingle their voices in harmony so discordant as to form a concert which is more easily imagined than described. The Sunday evening is passed in scandal and prayers, words greatly surprised to find themselves joined. The most innocent amusements, and even sacred music, are prohibited; but there is one consolation, that there is no act of parliament against yawning.

Parties of pleasure are liable to showers, dust, bad roads, bad carriages, and tiffs. After a bad dinner you return stewed like a carp in port wine, and choked with dust like a curry of smothered rabbit, and are forced to say—"What a pleasant day we have had!"

You may perhaps find no sport in being a sportsman; but if you want fish, you must angle for them, in spite of the definition, "an angler is a rod, with a maggot at one end and a simpleton at the other." The ladies must also take their share in the future dish of trout from the river, or perch from the canal. A lady will request you to bait her hook with a poor tortured worm, and in recompense, she, throwing her line awkwardly, catches you by the nose, while the company laugh at you as an odd fish. A strong fish pulls at the hook of another lady, a town-babe, who never angled before: she screams, and lets go the rod, as if afraid of being caught herself. It is a choice borrowed wheel-rod, and you must in honour recover it, at the risk of a ducking or a drowning, at any rate wet feet, and a cold for a fortnight, not to mention the eternal compliment, "I hope your cold is better."

In some counties conversation flags because you do not un-

derstand the dialect. In Hampshire every thing is a *he* except a tom-cat, which is always *she*. "Have you got the tea-urn? Set *him* down. Move the table: put *him* here." When you go north, you approach the Scottish, or venerable ancient Æolic dialect of the English. An old lady in Cumberland going to buy candles, and being told that the price was raised on account of the continuance of the war, answered, with inquisitive eagerness, "Ad rabbit it! Are they gane a fetchtin be canel-light?" The dialect of the Lancashire witches, with their complexions of the red rose, dark eyes, and looks of the softest insinuation, is well illustrated in the ludicrous "Adventures of a Lancashire Clown." The Yorkshire dialect belongs to the white rose.

A temporary residence in a village serves to recommend, by contrast and privation, the superior advantages of the town. Yet your purse may suffer in this way, for your country acquaintance send you presents which expect a double return; and, in recompense for a turkey and chine, you send silk for a gown, or a salmon in exchange for two lean chickens, only killed to prevent a natural death. We have a monarch's lesson on such presents, and mine shall be closed with the story.

Louis XI., when dauphin, was detested for his malignity by his father, Charles VII., and was often forced to retire to the country. A peasant had ingratiated himself by many little services, always the more acceptable in disgrace and misfortune; and when Louis mounted the throne, upon his father's death, he was not surprised to see his old friend, who brought a turnip of extraordinary size, as the only present within his power. The king, delighted with the oddity, and mindful of former services, ordered a thousand livres in return; and the peasant returned with a bag full of money, and a heart full of joy. His landlord, a country 'squire, learning the adventure, thus reasoned with himself: "I must hasten to profit by this weakness, before I have too many rivals. If this generous madman give a thousand livres for a turnip, what will he give me for that



Designed and Etched by J. R. Smith's work.

ROYALTY AND COURTESY.

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beautiful horse in my best stable?" No sooner thought than done: he mounts his gelding, and leads the beautiful charger to court. The king is delighted, and, after some inquiries, conducts the gentleman to his cabinet, saying, "Your noble disinterested present shall be richly rewarded." Our 'squire was in the clouds with conceit of his own cunning and success, when the king produced the turnip, with this just sarcasm: "This, you know, cost me a thousand livres, and I give it you in return for your horse."

LESSON XXXVI.

A MAN OF TASTE.

A MEMBER of our club, more apt to err on the side of avarice than of waste, sometimes exults that he has passed a day without any expense in eating or drinking. His secret is that he goes *a tasting*; that is, he calls upon some capital cheese-monger, where he tastes so many kinds that his appetite is satisfied; and, prolonging his walk to the wharf, he assumes the character of a wine-merchant, and tastes twenty hogsheads of port. These objects of taste are more to his liking than paintings, or the gewgaws of modern decoration; and he escapes the sellers without any blame or contest, for *de gustibus non disputandum*.

The word *taste* has, like others in most languages, been transferred from the corporeal to the mental attributes: nor unaptly, for the objects of both sensations vary according to the constitution and habits; whence the above-recited Latin maxim, that "it is idle to dispute about tastes." It is more difficult to explain why the word *dear* (*carus*, Lat. *caro*, It.

cher, Fr. &c. &c.) should in many languages have a double acceptance, the one implying the price, the other the affection; as *dearly* bought, *dearly* beloved, whence *caritas*, or universal kindness, which has become *charity*, or alms-giving, as most of the other christian virtues, have passed from the heart to the hands, from interior and perpetual habits to exterior and momentary observances.

But to return for a moment—he must be a more profound philologist than me who can indicate which acceptance of the word *dear* has the precedence in antiquity. With our club the most interesting is that which relates to price.

LESSON XXXVII.

OF HONESTY, AND OTHER RULES OF POLICY.

GIVE me credit, gentle reader, in this single instance, at least for my frankness, if not for my boldness. I had here vented a most bitter and indignant invective against the abuses that exist in the civilised world, in the form of a history of the rise and progress of scoundrelism. On mature deliberation I have determined to withdraw it for the present, not because I am disposed to abate one jot of the arguments I have there advanced, but because their tendency might be equivocal if I did not develop them at greater length than the limits of this work will allow, and consequently my motives might be misconstrued. The conclusion to which I really directed my view was, that of all the rules of conduct either in private or in public life, in commerce, or in affairs of state, the best, according to the good old proverb, is honesty. It is under the semblance of this virtue that much of the knavery by which the world has been abused is necessarily practised; and therefore, setting all other incentives aside, any man truly desirous to thrive, may find his account in throwing off the cloak of hypocrisy, and in endeavouring to be what he would be thought to be. I will illustrate this position by two examples: the one is related by the poet Burns, who was witness to the fact. A recruiting serjeant in Ayrshire haranguing the multitude, concluded his persuasions to enlist as follows: "And now, gentlemen, I have the honour to inform you, for your farther encouragement, that our regiment is the most reprobate corps in the three kingdoms, therefore, an honest man who joins it is sure of promotion!" The other instance is that of a celebrated diplomatist (I forget his name), who, on being asked by what refinement of negotiation he always contrived to be successful, answered, "By simply telling the truth, and avowing my

real views ; for those who are employed to sift me have been so accustomed to falsehood, that they judge of me by themselves, and believe the very contrary of what I tell them."

LESSON XXXVIII.

CHEAP AMUSEMENTS.

THE forenoon is sufficiently occupied in business, study, and exercise. Some even amuse themselves with backgammon and other games ; but they are not the most useful or respectable members of society. Chess, however, is an exception, requiring such a clear head, and so much attention, that it is rather a business than a game ; and a billiard-table affords some exercise in rainy weather. In general, however, the evening brings the hours of relaxation and amusement, after the business of the day ; and it is an object of economy to pass the evening, without useless expense, at the theatres and other public diversions. So inconsistent is man, that we complain of the shortness of life, yet are often at a loss how to employ our time !

At Paris, with its numerous theatres, scarcely a Frenchman passes the evening at home. He would rather want his dinner than a public show, which sends him to bed with amusing recollections, and agreeable images swimming before his eyes. In ancient Rome, enriched by the spoils and taxes of nations, so that the indwellers became idle and careless, only demanding *panem et circenses*, "bread and the public shows," successive days were passed at the magnificent spectacles exhibited by prodigal emperors, which continued from morning till night ; but to encroach upon the latter is a very recent practice, and which probably cannot count more than two centuries. The Roman dress continued the same for a thousand years, or we may even say two thousand, if we descend to the fall of the Byzantine empire, and I cannot remember a precise word for *fashion* in the whole exuberance of the Latin language. The

Greeks and Romans, like the orientals, were governed by CUSTOM, which is founded on a long establishment, while FASHION, on the contrary, delights in perpetual novelty; and a fashionable milliner at Paris sets up her sign—*Marchande de Nouveautés*. Hence the infinite variations in dress, which, if invented during the full moon, were too large, and if during the wane, too scanty. Nay, the fortuitous and short-lived favourite of the day, a Pompadour or a Barry, would influence the dresses and manners of courts and of nations. And as it is a trivial remark that “the lustre of a brilliant eye, like that of a diamond, is brightest by candlelight,” there is little doubt that some one of the ladies of quality who governed France for three hundred years invented the fashionable preference of night to day, a preference confined to Europe alone, and which has there become general only within the two last centuries.

Shakespeare’s plays, like those of Sophocles, were acted by daylight; and the nocturnal representation seems to have passed from France with Charles II., at a time when Louis XIV. too often exhibited his royal person as a dancer in the court *ballets*; a degrading practice, which he dropped upon hearing the character of Nero in Racine’s *Britannicus*,

Et se donne lui-même en spectacle aux Romains.

The change has certainly not contributed to the happiness of social life, and is too congenial with the manners of those “who prefer darkness to light, because their deeds are evil.”

Our evenings at home are chiefly amused with cards. But except there be four persons they become insipid, though piquet be an excellent game for two. Conversation is apt to flag among the same persons, and music forms a very agreeable variety. The French, who display great invention in trifles, have a game for one person called a *solitaire*. They have also conversation cards, which sometimes afford amusement, either by the oddness or justice of the chance reply, and which are little known in England, though I have seen at Kendal a pack of conversation

cards said to have belonged to the queen dowager, Catherine Parr, who lived in the castle. The sentences were written in a fine hand, and, if my memory serve, four or five on each card, in various parts and directions, being rather moral precepts than facetious quips.

The subject of innocent and inexpensive amusements for the evening might occupy an useful and amusing volume. Among others, riddles should not be forgotten, as excellent in exciting reflection and readiness of thought, and as such cultivated by Solomon and by other ancient sages even in Greece, which itself only produced seven wise men. The riddles in prose are the most ancient, and by far the best, as the diffusion of verse weakens the acuteness of the sense, the chief merit. A collection of the best prints is also a pastime for those who can afford it. An amateur formed a collection of oddities from newspapers, cut out and pasted into volumes. It may not, perhaps, be of general and common observation that the word NEWS includes all the cardinal points of the compass, whence they flow from all parts of the world. To a man of occupation a newspaper is a more fit relaxation in the evening than in the morning, when it dissipates the thoughts from more important pursuits. To idle men, indeed, it often furnishes thought and conversation for the day; but "one man's meat is another's poison." In like manner some worthy families pass the evening in listening to all the trashy novels of a circulating library. The lateness of the hour of dinner shortens the evening, and leaves a wider forenoon for business or exercise. In fact, our dinner corresponds in the hour with the Roman supper, the chief meal, while the *prandium* of bread and fruits is our lunch or whet, by the French called the second breakfast, as if a man could break his fast twice on the same day. If our *dinner* be a contraction of *dejeuner*, the etymon is equally objectionable.

As the bow cannot be always bent, and relaxation is necessary in every profession, a worthy bishop, in the end of the tenth century, contrived a game for his clergy, sufficiently

ingenious for that darkest of ages. This was Wibold, bishop of Cambray; and his invention has been thought worthy of preservation in the *Chronicon Cameracense*, and of illustrations and figures by the learned editor, who compares it with the Pythagorean game, published by Buxerius, at Paris, 1556. To give a general idea in as few words as possible, it was played with three dice, either marked as usual, or with the vowels and consonants disposed apart and in a particular manner, as shown in the engraved figures. The throws were interpreted to allude to the virtues, Charity being the highest, and he who had most virtues won the game—without forgetting Humility.

If the great and the rich could occupy their evenings in cheap amusements, they need not have recourse to ruinous gaming-houses, where the relaxation or rather anxiety of a few hours is often followed by the bitter repentance of many years. Such, forsooth, are *debts of honour*, and in this case and that of duels, a single word, *honour*, is understood to place a man above or beneath the laws of his country. Thus *honour* and *wit* have been stolen by the enemies of virtue, as if they could exist without her! Such being the case, the most feasible remedy would seem to be to call county meetings of noblemen and gentlemen, to declare their contempt of such perverted maxims of HONOUR (whose temple among the ancients could not be approached except by passing through that of VIRTUE), and to pronounce every challenger to a duel, and every gamester who shall lose or win above one hundred pounds in one space of twenty-four hours, a scoundrel, unfit for respectable society, and as such inadmissible into theirs, and not only sent, but perpetually banished to Coventry; the penalty of conversing with such a person, if known, being ten pounds to the poor for each offence. In case of such accidents as are understood to lead to duels, a Court of Honour shall pronounce an adequate reparation, private or public, according to circumstances; such courts consisting of five gentlemen, of whom three are, or have been, officers in the army, all to be annually

appointed at a county meeting. What ruin to many worthy families would thus be prevented! On this scheme it may be observed, that any interference of government is carefully avoided, as honour has often been sought in braving government and the laws; while honour is understood to rest on the public opinion or prejudice. Hence in France the interference of government, and the most severe laws during three successive reigns, those of Henry IV., Louis XIII. and XIV., were of no avail, nor the institution of one high Court of Honour, that of the Marischals of France. On the contrary, duels increased to such a degree, that more than four thousand were found to have been fought in one year, during the minority of Louis XIV., and a royal ordinance (such ordinances formed the sole general laws of the kingdom, especially if registered by the parliaments or courts of justice) bitterly complains that the very flower of valour and distinction thus ignobly perished, instead of reaping the real honour of a field of battle. Public opinion at last effected what the strongest government even of an heroic prince, and the punishment of death, could not accomplish; a sufficient proof of the advantage of the measures proposed, in which real honour and estimation are set against false prejudices and worthless pretensions. Man is naturally disposed to morality, else society could not exist, and sometimes a very small assistance is necessary to the triumph of truth; but according to the laws of mechanism, a small force, precisely in the direction required, will produce the whole effect, while the greatest power, if ill managed, will only prove an impediment.

Examples of men of such true spirit and true honour as to reject a duel as beneath their noble ambition, and even as a stain on their memory as men and as patriots, are very rare, because this requires a spirit conscious of its own courage, and an honour that tramples underfoot envy and obloquy and vulgar applause. Yet two may be commemorated; one of a serious, the other of a ludicrous description.

A Douglas, worthy of the name, though a Scottish jacobite



Designed and Etched by J. R. Cruikshank.

HONOUR AND MAGNANIMITY.

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officer in the service of France, was playing at backgammon in a coffee-house at Paris with a junior officer, his countryman and friend. A dispute arising on a move, Douglas gently whispered "what a story!" which the rash youth interpreting as the lie, he lifted the board in a moment of irritation, and struck on the head his friend and benefactor. In an instant he was himself thunderstruck with the unavoidable consequence, and remained in a mute stupor, while Douglas thus addressed the spectators—"You see the condition of my rash and unhappy friend, and shall I fight a man already vanquished by the sense of his fault? No." Then rising and taking him by the hand, "Be not afflicted. I pardon thee:"—and solemnly turning to the spectators, "but I am ready to fight instantly any man of you who shall dare even to think that I have not acted like a man of honour." Bravo! bravo! was the acclaim of the surrounding officers, and an old knight of St. Louis advancing and embracing him, said, "You have not only acted like a man of honour, but have taught men of honour how to act."

The other instance is that of a man of celebrated courage turning a challenge into a jest. General Guise had distinguished himself in the British army on the continent when colonel of a regiment, in which a gallant youth passed as volunteer. On the passage to Antwerp our adventurer was in the same ship with the colonel, who loved and encouraged his military ardour, and treated him with many civilities. Soon after their arrival our impetuous youth eagerly inquired of his messmates by what means he could best distinguish his courage, as a battle might be a tardy resource. Another mode was suggested, that of fighting a duel with the bravest man in the regiment, and all named Colonel Guise. Next day our hero found the colonel walking up and down the coffee-room, and taking him aside, after many thanks for his favours, explained his intention and the cause, and gave him a formal challenge. The colonel, with a smile of benignity, answered, "Young man, I like your spirit; but I should be unjust if I accepted the intended

honour. You know that bravery is estimated by the number of the slain, and that gentleman whom you see reading a newspaper at the bottom of the room has killed more men in his time than I and all the other officers of the whole army put together." The volunteer made a respectful bow, with many acknowledgments for the information, and instantly went to challenge this new champion, who, twisting his paper with surprise and scorn, exclaimed, "I! I fight a duel! Are you mad? If I escaped killing, I should be broke by the articles of war."—"I did not know——" the youth was about to answer, when the other continued, "Know! Do you not know that I am the surgeon of the regiment?" Our volunteer felt the jest, and had sense enough to wait for a battle. In fact, ridicule is the only effectual weapon against either male or female absurdity, and the most unreasonable cannot withstand its force.

To return to gaming, which is often a ruinous amusement for the rich, it is at the same time a source of wealth to professed gamblers, who only exist by their depredations. Some, reputed fair traders, have been known to take no nourishment but water-gruel for three days before an important meeting; and what advantage must they have over young heads heated with wine! But as diamond cuts diamond, sometimes those pests of society are themselves over-reached, to the delight of honest and honourable men. The worthy D'Aubigny gives an example, which, being little known, shall here be translated or abstracted from the Gascon dialect of the Baron de Foeneste, who thus tells the story.

"If you must know all, I passed two years with fine fellows, serving to bring water to their mill, or, to speak plainly, to find dupes; but this scheme led to the greatest of my misfortunes. The king's attorney at Rochelle, with Barbot and Gendreau, who had been mayors of the town, having some little processes to carry on at Paris, seized this occasion to cover a pretty enterprise. They put each four thousand francs in a purse, to be employed in tricks at cards and dice, which they had prac-

tised at Rochelle, and I was chosen as an assistant, being, besides my nourishment, to receive one crown from every twenty of the gains. At Paris we lodged at the sign of the Swan, and began to do wonders in our line, when one day about ten o'clock arrived a tall coarse fellow, mounted on a dirty mare, with a cloak-bag behind him, which was so heavy as to embarrass our landlady. This man, who began with chatting of his noble birth and connexions, wore an old scrubby hat, a large black cloak, his sword hung with a red ribbon; his boots would have weighed any two pair, while he had only one spur, and his breeches were of yellow cloth. When the hostler led his mare to the stable, this coxcomb began to talk with six or seven wags at the gate, and I heard him say, "Ill-appointed as you see me, I return from Rome." A Breton, who seemed to gape with surprise, inquiring by what road, our man answered, "Do you take me for an idiot? By the nearest road, sure, which goes by Rouen and Morlaix." He then began to explain an important law-suit which brought him to Paris, and seemed precisely the rich simpleton we wanted. Our comrades were of course eager to offer him their best rooms, and when company came to play he would only be a spectator, saying that if they had used the common country games he might have sported a shilling, which was the highest stake he ever played. At length, with much perseverance, we taught him lansquenet, and one or two other fashionable games.

"During three days he sometimes won, sometimes lost, the stakes being so small as not to deserve notice; but one evening being so venturous as to stake two crowns, a valet he had taken and his lawyer reproached his rashness, and he retorted in abusive terms. On the fourth day, having employed the morning with his lawyer, as he said, he returned by the street called Huchette, asking every body for his lodging, which he called the White Goose, instead of the Swan, and when he at length arrived he was hailed as 'the Gentleman of the Goose.' He began to be heated at play, and spoke of staking a hundred

pistoles: one evening he lost forty-four, and in a rage challenged our Rochelle company to bring each six hundred pistoles next day, to stake against the like sum. In the midst of this decisive game arrived on horseback his pretended solicitor, advocate, and another of his gang, and he soon won the whole stock of our company. One of us seizing a loaded dye, we took hold of the gentleman of the goose, but he was backed by all his gang, one of whom was the very Breton who first addressed him; and our respectable society not only lost their money, but received a hearty drubbing, of which to avoid my share I made only one step of the whole stair. My comrades have since been styled at Rochelle ‘the Gentlemen of the White Goose.’”

LESSON XXXIX.

GENEROSITY.

It has already been explained that the practice of thrift does not exclude that of true generosity; but, on the contrary, affords means for its exertion, the savings from idle expenses being devoted to nobler purposes. As example goes further than precept, this previous observation may be authenticated by a little tale; and if it be already well known, be it answered, that so is mutton, and yet it is an excellent dish.

A nobleman was accustomed to examine bills and accompts with great rigour, even to pence and farthings, and was often ridiculed on this score by an intimate friend. But this friend falling into accidental and unmerited distress, was surprised with the receipt of two bank-notes of £1000 each in the following laconic epistle. “The farthings you have so often laughed

at enable me to lend you the inclosed, which you will return at your own convenience. Yours always. THE MISER."

Yet another tale to the same purpose. An hospital of great public utility having exceeded its revenues in a season of national calamity, the treasurer and clerk were authorised by the trustees to request contributions. Among others, they went to the house of an old bachelor, and finding the door open they entered, when they heard him scolding his servant-maid because she had thrown half a match into the fire, which he observed might have served another time just as well as a whole one. What was to be expected from such a niggardly fellow? They were retiring, when he sternly called them back, and inquired their business in his house. Upon an explanation he brightened up, and opening an iron box, let into the wall for the usual security against fires, he produced a bag, saying, "It is a noble charity, and deserves every assistance. Here are two hundred guineas, and if necessity urges, call again. If I did not scold for trifles, I should not have this pleasure." They were going to enlarge in thanks and compliments, when he gently thrust them out, and shut the door.

These examples may suffice to evince that thrift is the friend and assistant of true generosity, which, in fact, depends more upon the mind and manner than upon the gift. Hence we say "a generous wine," to imply its superior excellence and flavour; and the word *gentleman* was formerly translated *generosus*, almost synonymous with *nobilis*. Is it because noble and generous actions have an affinity with the sublime that even those who are steeled against tales of deep distress cannot refrain from tears on such occasions? Tears of sudden grief are familiar even to Homer's heroes, and not unknown to those of later times. Tears of anger sometimes bedew the cheek of beauty. Tears of joy start even from the brave and the great, witness Henry IV. on the birth of the dauphin, of a son and heir to strengthen his throne, when he lifted his eyes to heaven, streaming with tears "as big as peas," says the simple narrative

of the midwife Boursier. Gratitude has likewise its tears. We also speak of tears of admiration, to which class perhaps belong those that burst on the recital of generous actions; but there is room for both physical and metaphysical research on this singular topic.

Though deer have been known to shed tears in their uttermost distress, when an escape was impossible, and the eyes of a dog seem to brighten with tears of joy, yet we may regard this effusion, along with laughter, as appropriated to human nature. Laughter simply arises from some incongruity, either in the objects, the ideas, or the expression; and the mind, accustomed to form chains of connected ideas, is thrown into a momentary disorder and effort when dissimilar and remote objects are unexpectedly brought to clash together, just as we sneeze from irritations of the nostrils. This easy clue will lead through all the labyrinth of wit, which has been wittily styled a *tall* faculty of the mind, because it sees far, and thus approximates distant views. Even in a pun remote meanings of the same words are brought together. I have known a lady whose eyes would gush tears at the recital of a noble or generous action or expression, while she read all the imaginary distresses of a novel with repeated and continual bursts of laughter. She must have felt some incongruity, though she could not analyse or explain her own sensations, which may be supposed to be of the same nature with those that arise on the reading of Tom Thumb, or any other mock tragedy, for her expressions were "well contrived indeed! how droll!" when the hero or heroine were upon the point of suicide.

Laughter and tears may be also considered as peculiar attributes of human nature, endued with a spiritual soul in a mortal material body, and the sole link in the great chain of being between the material and the spiritual world.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

The frailties of the body, if really calamitous, excite tears; if

merely incongruous, they excite laughter—but still the superiority of the soul is distinctly felt and acknowledged in both emotions.

But as the strongest minds are affected by the strongest passions, it is no wonder that heroic eyes stream with tears, and the most exquisite talents are necessarily accompanied with the most exquisite feelings, often to their great misfortune; for in the lottery of life prizes are rare, and in the land of fortune the flowers bear no proportion to the thorns and nettles. Grief, joy, anger, pity, gratitude, admiration, have all their tears, which are sometimes even excited by slight objects in certain dispositions of the body, as, for instance, if the glands teem with humidity from the stoppage of the perspiration, or what is called a cold, which may sometimes be relieved by crying for an hour or two over an affecting tragedy.

There is no rule without exceptions, which themselves confirm the rule, *exceptio firmat regulam*; yet it may be inferred in general that those who have the most noble sentiments are the most affected by a kind of sympathy in the recital of noble and generous actions. Milton, when he read Homer, had certainly sensations of the sublime, far more congenially ecstatic than those of a common adept in Greek; and, in like manner, the sublime of action must chiefly affect those of a similar disposition and equal powers, if placed in equal circumstances. I forget if Mr. Burke, in his celebrated treatise, has examined this species of the Sublime, and even of the Beautiful, as applied to the mind; for while the Satan of Milton is sublime, he wants beauty; and when the sublime is chiefly referred by that writer to the terrible, we may safely hesitate when we consider this miraculous universe, as beautiful and lovely as sublime, and its Almighty Author, the very source and model of all that is beautiful or sublime, either in the natural or moral world, and who loudly calls for our love, as he himself is styled Love by an apostle, who emphatically says “God is Love.” As love

and terror cannot exist together, and he who is not only Sublime, but Sublimity itself personified, is also not only Lovely, but Love itself personified, there seems some radical flaw in the doctrine that would refer the sublime to the terrible. Without ascending the Alps of metaphysics, amidst the precipices of disputation and the treacherous glaciers of error, we may perceive, on the uniform plain of common sense, that terror is one of the basest of the passions, while love is classed among the most sublime. How poor is Collins's Ode to Fear when compared with the address to Venus by Lucretius, justly regarded as one of the most sublime portions of ancient poetry!

Noble and generous actions constitute the Moral Sublime, more elevating, more engaging than the sublime of poetry, painting, or music; and of what superior importance and influence on human existence! Yet there is no treatise on a subject so grand and interesting, so essential to ethics and to the welfare and glory of society. The ancient writers on morals, such as Seneca and Plutarch, not only relieve the reader's attention, but greatly enforce their topics by examples from real life, a plan scarcely known in modern works, where the divisions and chapters are all "cut and dry." In a complete treatise, the philosophical investigations and ethical precepts should be interspersed with appropriated examples.

On a smaller scale, in the beneficent reign of that martyr of his virtues, Louis XVI. (condemned by the mere wantonness of cruelty, while Charles I. may be regarded as a prisoner of war, condemned by a council of war) the *Journal de Paris* in 1782 set a laudable example by allotting a corner to *annals of virtue*, a model which might well be followed by our newspapers in a *niche for virtue*, far more interesting than "the poet's corner." These moral tales were afterwards published separately, under the title of *Etrennes de la Vertu*, 1782 and 1783, 2 vols. 12mo. But poor Virtue soon expired in the

climate of Paris: and there was an end. Some examples shall be here given, as less likely to be known to the English reader than the numerous familiar instances in his own country.

A scarcity, nearly approaching to famine, prevailed in France in 1741, the effect of the terrible frost of 1740. The Duchess of Ventadour, who had from her exemplary character been appointed governess of the infant king Louis XV., not only gave all her revenue, but borrowed besides 80,000 francs, to relieve the poor. Her steward remonstrating that she passed all the bounds of prudence, she mildly answered, "Let us give always, and even borrow, while it is necessary to save the poor from death. We shall never want, neither I nor my family. In my station there is no great merit in trusting to Providence."

The dauphin, son of Louis XV., a prince of excellent qualities and dispositions, died in his thirty-sixth year, with great resignation and tranquillity. The Duke of Orleans waiting on the king with compliments of condolence, said, "Is it possible then to be so calm at the point of death?"—"Sometimes," answered the afflicted father, "when the life is without reproach."

A young man on the point of marriage was drawn for the militia in Lorraine. In despair he applied to the Count de Mitry, captain of the regiment, who in compassion gave his word that the service should not exceed one year. The term expired, the captain explained to the colonel, and requested the man's discharge, which the colonel flatly refused, as he said the subject was an excellent soldier, and did credit to the corps. Next day he was surprised when the captain waited on him in the soldier's attire, knapsack and musquet, with this address: "My colonel, as the word of a gentleman is sacred, and I have pledged mine that this man shall only serve for a year, here is my commission of captain, which I resign, and am ready to

serve in his place." The colonel, with shame and amazement, signed the discharge.

A house in the town of Auch being on fire, the archbishop (M. D'Apchon) instantly ran to assist the sufferers; but the ground-floor was all in flames, and the first object that struck his eyes was a woman who was holding an infant in her arms at the window of the first floor, and whose screams in vain afflicted the spectators, as the danger was great, and seemed inevitable. She was already in the midst of flames when the archbishop, who had at first ordered a ladder to be set to the window, offered successive great rewards, even to 1000 livres a year, to any one who would save the mother and child; but even avarice could not overcome the apprehension of immediate death. "Then I must go myself," exclaimed the worthy prelate, and instantly mounting, placed the woman on the ladder, who was *then* assisted by the spectators, and descended himself with the infant.

It was the same prelate, M. D'Apchon, who ingeniously contrived to relieve a genteel family which had fallen into great distress, but had too much pride to receive a gratuity. Being told there was an old paltry picture in their chamber, he called with a friend, previously instructed, and pretending to admire it, said he would give any price. They would eagerly have accepted the smallest sum, and submitted it to him, when he said, "I have brought this gentleman on purpose, as he is a good judge of pictures, and will name a fair price." The friend instantly pronounced a thousand louis d'or. The picture was sent, and the sum remitted, while the family imputed the re-establishment of their affairs to a singular stroke of *good fortune*.

Louis XVI., who might have said with Brutus, "O virtue, what art thou on earth but an empty name!" was hunting in the park and neighbourhood of Versailles, when he asked some

peasants why their hay remained uncut, while it seemed over-ripe. They answered that the orders of the game-keepers were not to cut till St. Peter's day (August 1), that the nests of the partridges might not suffer. "And I," answered the king, "order you to cut immediately. Your hay is of far more importance to you than the game is to me." The order was not only followed, but the regulations altered by the royal command.

The path of benevolence is open to the poor as well as the rich. At a village near Paris lived Jeanneton l'Ecuier, respected and beloved by all the inhabitants. This good woman was thrifty at home, that she might be charitable to her neighbours. At peep of day she tripped gaily to Paris to sell her cabbages and onions, and bought a bit of meat to make soup—not for herself, her only food being bread and cheese, with fair water to drink, but to give the meat and soup to some poor woman in child-bed, or some sick person in want. She never deceived her customers. "I do not tell you that this cabbage is good," she would say, "but it is worth the three farthings I ask." One day a lady bought all her onions at once, and Jeanneton, after carrying them to the house, was gaily pacing home, when half-way she bethought her that the lady's intention in buying such a quantity could only be to pickle them, for which use that sort was unfit. Her point of honour and integrity were hurt—she hurried back—thought herself lucky in finding the lady at home—found her conjecture right—took her onions—restored the money—went home, singing and delighted. When sixty she still attended the church, when the grown girls were catechised, and at some questions would answer, "Of this, your reverence, I know nothing. All my little knowledge is, that we should love God, and, of course, do nothing to offend him." At length getting old and helpless, the warmest and most serious dispute that ever arose in the village was, what family should receive and maintain Jeanneton l'Ecuier, and the house preferred regarded this care as a benediction, and paid

every attention to her little wants and wishes. When she died, of mere age, the church was more crowded than on the greatest solemnities: her funeral sermon was read in the eyes of all.

Nor, grandeur, hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

A man of rank and worth having a great and unexpected loss in his revenues, thus addressed his wife: "Courage and economy are our chief resources. You know I submit to many deprivations, and among others have dismissed two old and faithful servants. It is painful to speak of your favourite chambermaid, but your own good sense will suggest that we cannot afford to keep her." The countess retired, and summoning the maid, imparted to her the sad necessity of their separation. The poor girl, bursting into tears, answered, "Madam, you know I work well at my needle, and can easily get my bread. Suffer me then to keep my little chamber, and eat by myself, and I shall always be delighted to serve you as usual, but without any wages, or any expense to you whatever." The tears became reciprocal, and the lady went to acquaint her husband, who was greatly affected, and soon showed that he scorned to be surpassed in noble and generous procedure. For when he entered the dining-room with his wife, he ordered another cover, and the lady asking if he expected a friend, he answered, "Yes, madam, a real friend. Will you have the goodness to call Miss * * *?" naming her maid. When she appeared, trembling, as the unexpected notice seemed to indicate sudden dismissal, the count took her hand and placed her at the table, saying, "The nobility of your sentiments, miss, renders you our equal; the goodness of your heart our friend. This is your constant place in future." And when fortune became more propitious, she continued on the same footing as the friend of the family. Which was the more noble, the action, or the reward?

It was the heat of summer, and the declining sun diffused a ruddy radiance over a placid sea, at the beautiful port of Marseilles, when a stranger in a plain dress jumping into a small boat called aloud for the boatman, and was answered by a young man, whose dress and manner did not seem to belong to that profession. The stranger said, he only wished to be rowed round the harbour, to enjoy the prospect and the cool of the evening; and during the tour a conversation arose, from which it appeared that our boatman's name was Jaques Robart, that he was of another trade, but plied a boat on Sundays and holidays, that he might the sooner raise the sum necessary to redeem his father, who was a slave at Tetuan, having been taken in a ship by a Barbary corsair. As he had been a man of some substance, but all embarked on that unfortunate vessel, not less than six thousand livres were demanded for his ransom. "My mother, my sisters, and I work day and night. I as a jeweller, and I do not spare labour. We have only one little room, and save every farthing. I wanted to go and supply my father's place, as he would be more useful to the family, but was informed that I should only be an additional slave among these faithless barbarians." The stranger here inquired his father's name, and if he knew where he was placed. "His name is the same with mine, Jaques Robart, and his master is the king's gardener." The stranger repeated the name and place, and then saying "ye seem worthy people, and I wish you better fortune," seemed to be solely occupied with the glorious prospect of the setting sun. After an hour's sail they drew to shore, when the stranger, putting a purse into the boatman's hand, with these words, "take this, my good lad," jumped out, and disappeared. The purse contained eight double louis d'or, or about sixteen pounds sterling.

About six weeks after, this worthy family were sitting down to their scanty dinner of bread, almonds, and water, when the father suddenly entered the room, dressed in new and good clothes. "My dear wife, my good children, how could ye

contrive to pay my ransom so soon?—and these clothes! and the fifty louis when I went on board! and my passage and board all paid in advance! How can I recompense such zeal and your deprivations on my account?”—The astonishment of the mother only permitted her to rush into her husband’s arms all in tears, and her daughters followed the example. But young Robart’s agitation was more intense, and sitting motionless on his chair, he soon fainted away: while the mother exclaimed, “It is he alone who has delivered you; some friend must have assisted so good a son, who offered himself as a slave in your stead. No, no, my husband, we are nothing in the business: all our sparings do not as yet amount to more than one half of the six thousand francs demanded.” The son, reviving, explained that he really had no merit whatever in this surprising event, but that he vehemently suspected the same stranger who had made him such a noble present, and had inquired his father’s name and situation.

In two or three years the family was restored to comfort and even easy circumstances; and young Robart, whose gratitude never failed to proclaim his benefactor, and to seek for him in all his walks, at length saw some resemblance in a gentleman walking alone on a quay. He ran, he flew—it was the stranger himself! Robart could only fall on his knees and exclaim, “My noble benefactor! my guardian angel!” when his emotions became so strong that the stranger was obliged to raise and support him. When he recovered he was proceeding in such warm demonstrations of gratitude that the stranger, seeing a crowd begin to assemble, suddenly rushed through it, and escaped into some house with such speed that he seemed to disappear like a vision. Robart was carried home senseless, and was only relieved by a flood of tears.

The stranger remained totally unknown, and was discovered by mere accident after his death. He was the President Montesquieu, the immortal author of the Spirit of Laws. His residence was at Bordeaux, as chief of that parliament or high

court of justice, but he sometimes visited his sister, Madame d'Hericourt, married and resident at Marseilles. Among his papers was found a cancelled draft of 7500 livres, sent to Mr. Mayn, an English banker at Cadiz, in Spain; and the singularity exciting curiosity, Mr. Mayn was applied to by letter, who answered from his books that the money was sent by Charles Secondat, baron Montesquieu, President of the Parliament at Bordeaux, for the redemption of a citizen of Marseilles called Jaques Robart, then a slave at Tetuan.

These examples shall be closed with a more recent one, that fell within my own information. It is well known that at Paris water is not conducted by pipes to each house as in London, but is brought by a numerous class of men, often natives of Auvergne, stout sons of a mountainous country, in buckets, and deposited in an earthen vase as large as a hogshead, where it filters through gravel at the bottom, and is drawn by a cock for the use of the family. These men are called *porteurs d'eau*, or water-bearers. A man of wealth, marked for the guillotine, was obliged to escape in great haste, having barely time to fill his pockets with money and valuable papers. He was even about to leave and lose a little strong box, containing two thousand louis d'or, when the water-bearer chanced to come. "Take this, my friend, and keep it for me," was all he had time to say, and he instantly fled, and, like many others, escaped to England. Fifteen years elapsed before he could venture to return. He had never known the name of the water-bearer—was lodged in a different quarter—and, regarding his box as part of a property utterly lost, had almost forgotten even the circumstance. After he had been about six weeks in Paris an old man called "do you remember me?"—"Cannot say I do. Never saw you before to my recollection."—"Perhaps you will remember this," producing the box from under an old coarse cloak. His noble procedure was nobly rewarded, and he lives respected by all his quarter as "the honest water-bearer."

LESSON XL.

CHEAP BURIAL.

VESPASIAN, the Roman emperor, was a true son of thrift, and celebrated not only for his skill in the budget, but for his parsimony and impartial love of money. Among several instances preserved by ancient writers two may be chosen. When the deputies of a town came to congratulate him, they mentioned their intention of erecting his statue in a magnificent manner; but he held forth the palm of his hand, saying, "here is the pedestal," and commanded them to remit to him the sum intended. On inquiring the expenses of his own funeral, he was struck with the amount, and replied, "give me the money, and throw me into the Tiber."

The expenses of funerals were formerly enormous, and such pretended ceremonies in honour of the dead, while they, in fact, only evinced the pride of the living, sometimes left an estate embroiled for two generations. The present age is wiser; but still we are so inconsistent as to derive vanity even from mortality, which, if rightly weighed, is sufficient to extinguish it, and to estimate the number of coaches, and in catholic countries the wax-lights and richness of the palls, lent by the churches at fixed prices, as the clergy there are *marchands des services*, and sell every thing, even heaven itself and their very Deity, to the best bidder. This weakness is well ridiculed by a great master of ethical painting, M. Jouy, in his *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, a work in which the manners of the French are for the first time depicted in fresh and brilliant colours.

This vanity seems to have been little known to the old lady who on her death-bed proposed to the curate a game of cards,

which if she won he was to charge nothing for his fees of her burial. She gained the game, and the wager was exactly performed. It was also despised by the old husband whose young wife had threatened to dance on his grave, to prevent which edifying ceremony he ordered his body to be inclosed in lead and thrown into the sea, where she might dance if she chose."

On the other hand, the living are deservedly shocked at any disrespect of the dead, and decent observances are justly practised by all nations, even if mere savages. Thrift is placed between avarice and waste, and a base heart is required to be avaricious on this final occasion. It is the only one upon which the upholsterer's bill ought not to be rigidly examined, and as "funerals are *performed*," they deserve to be paid for the representation, for their stalking grief and feathered solemnity.

LESSON XLI.

LIFE IS A JEST, BUT MONEY IS NONE.

DEMOCRITUS, the laughing philosopher, is trivially known, even in songs; but the reasons of the appellation are not equally notorious. He is celebrated in the history of philosophy as the first who joined to extensive travels in pursuit of new objects and sciences the practice of all kinds of experiments on animated and inert bodies. Hence in an epistle ascribed to the great physician Hippocrates, that sage is described as being occupied in anatomy; and he certainly deserves peculiar veneration, as the earliest founder of experimental philosophy, and the very Bacon of his period.

The authenticity of that epistle may well be suspected, and it is to be regretted that the learned and acute Bentley, after having sifted to chaff the epistles ascribed to Phalaris and others, did not examine several works given to Hippocrates and

other ancients, not in the insane spirit of the jesuit Hardouin, but in that of rigid erudition and piercing sagacity, joined with an intimate knowledge of the avaricious tricks of ancient copyists and booksellers, even in classical Greece. We have only to scrutinize the numerous literary forgeries committed in modern times to have some tolerably correct idea of ancient fabrication, when none except the sacred codes of religion could be safe from these literary impositions.

That epistle, however, if false, is ably and probably arranged, and, as the Italians say, *si non e vero e ben trovato*. Democritus, being asked the reason of his perpetual laughter in the observation only of man and human action, answers by recounting at length the inconsistencies and incongruities of human nature, and especially those arising from the real or affected oblivion of the brevity of our existence. In this point of view, ambition and avarice, the two main springs of the motion of the world, become peculiar objects of laughter, as if a fly were occupied in heaping up gold dust, or a wasp in conquering a beehive for its posterity. Many of us, indeed, resemble the astronomer who discovered an elephant in the moon, while it was only a flea that had been entrapped between two glasses. The passions, always grounded on the imagination, so much magnify and misrepresent objects, that our reflecting reason cannot avoid laughter at our own follies and absurdities. Nay, as strength of imagination belongs to strength of mind, the wisest are sometimes betrayed into the most flagrant incongruities: whence even our wisdom supplies a fund of laughter to minds constituted like that of Democritus. Why mention the example of Alexander the Great, no less distinguished for the soundness of his political knowledge than for the splendour of his conquests, yet the sport, the slave, and at length the victim of his passions?

The people of Abdera, countrymen of our laughing philosopher, who admired and loved his talents and benignity, imagining that his laughter was a species of insanity, sent for

Hippocrates. That father of medicine soon assured them that the insanity was on their side, as Democritus assigned good and sufficient reasons for his laughter, while they could produce none for their conduct, which afforded the occasions.

Akin to the laughter of this sage is the apophthegm of Gay the poet, inscribed on his tomb, that "Life is a jest." To many, however, it is a very dull joke, and the insipid daily repetitions render the farce somewhat stale. As they laugh that win, the want of money, on the contrary, superinduces cares that corrode our existence; and it must be remembered that Democritus was a man of family and fortune, who expended large sums in travelling and making experiments, so that he could *afford* to laugh. Yet much wealth is also found to be accompanied with increase of care, as the ways of loss are more numerous than those of gain, so that it is agreed on all hands that "Money is no joke."

We must therefore "laugh when we can," not at the pursuits of others (there is always a sufficient stock of personal property), but with a view to relieve care. The vast library of Alexandria was inscribed "The Medicine of the Mind," and among other medicines laughter was not forgotten, books calculated for that purpose being known in very early times, and the chief divisions were collections of witty sayings, and tales founded on ridicule or affected absurdity. Most of these works have, however, perished, as baubles thrown from the ship of literature in the wreck of ages, when more precious articles were at stake; the most remarkable one that has escaped being the little Greek book of Hierocles, "On the Follies of Scholars," supposed to be so immersed in study as to want common sense, and affording archetypes of what are called *bulls*, not from their horns, nor from the papal bulls (often as absurd), but from the Latin *bulla*, an empty bubble. Many jests may also be found in Plutarch's Apophthegms, some in Athenæus, and other ancient writers. A professed collection of all the ancient *facetiae*,

in the original Greek and Latin, would, in the hands of an able scholar, form a pleasing addition to the classical library.

Most of the ludicrous stories of the ancients have also perished, nor is the loss to be regretted, as they teemed with relations, not only condemned by religion but by legislators, as highly injurious to morals and society. Even Lucian, regarded as the chief ancient in exciting laughter, is far from being free from this reproach ; and it is surprising that an elegant writer should be reduced to search for wit in indecency. Savages and barbarians generally look for topics of laughter in the infirmities and imperfections of our mortal nature, having barely sensation enough to feel how incongruous they are with the more decorous modes of our general existence, and even around the uneducated hearth absurdity is often synonymous with humour. Among the refinements of modern society this grossness is banished, and even where the manners are vicious the language is pure, or at the worst equivocal. As mere vulgarity no longer excites laughter, and ribaldry can only feed vice, the works and fragments of the ancients in this class of ludicrous tales shall be passed in silence, and left to the man of experience and learning, who reads them as stores of ancient language and mirrors of ancient manners, but reflecting little honour on the history of man.

In modern times wit is exerted on more pleasing topics, and knowledge being far more diffused, and glancing over a wider field of observation, it is no wonder that in this quality, which does not depend on strength of mind, but on the circuit and volatility of thought, we should greatly excel the ancients. Even in comedy, of which wit is regarded as a characteristic, Julius Cæsar has long since reproached Terence with the want of that quality ; but Plautus is a dealer in salt, both Attic and coarse ; while Aristophanes, with his pure Greek, rather excites laughter at his ribaldries and odd ideas than by his wit.

Collections of jests form, with ballads, the library of the

cottage. Many celebrated men, who shone in the first ranks of literature, are only known to the vulgar by books of jokes falsely inscribed with their names; an example of the two trumpets of fame which might have adorned Hudibras.

Among those of a superior class it will be difficult to trace any to the middle ages, and I must confess my ignorance if there be any book of the kind more ancient than that of Poggius, about 1440: for I cannot assent to place among what are called the middle or barbarous ages that century which produced Dante, Boccacio, Petrarca, and Chaucer. It is true there is a sad decline in the following century till the invention of printing; but that of paper, about two centuries before, had nearly as much effect on literature, as the great names above mentioned may evince. On the other side, Boëtius, in the sixth century, is a classic; and the works of Isidore of Seville, in the seventh, form a treasure of curious research and fragments of ancient knowledge, superior to those of Aulus Gellius or Macrobius. Let us therefore only reckon among the middle ages 700—1200, both inclusive, or six centuries, the central being the most obscure.

Poggius left his easy chair to Bebelius (1500), when books of jests begin to be numerous, and those in black letter are to the taste of some very poignant, like skate with black sauce. In the next century the *ana* begin, but are rather literary remarks than jests. Yet among the *ana* might be classed the two different collections of Luther's table-talk, one published in Latin, in Germany, the other in German, whence it was translated into English, by the desire of an apparition, as we are gravely informed in the preface.

Some may incline to place even Poggius in the second class, that of ludicrous stories; but these may be traced to Boccacio. Yet neither he nor the author of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, written to amuse the exile of the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., nor the Queen of Navarre, nor a score of Italian and French novellists, strictly belong to my plan, as few of their tales are

risible. Rabelais therefore (1540) may be regarded as the father of the ludicrous among the moderns. It must have been from fear of offence that Du Chat, his last and chief annotator, affects not to discern the objects of his satire, which is levelled against all classes, but especially against bad princes, whom he represents as giants because they are called the great, and against the absurdities of the catholic religion. As it was the fashion of the times for a certain set of Christians (so called as *lucus à non lucendo*) to burn the others, not for horrid crimes, but for idle speculations, which neither party understood, Rabelais would, with poor Dolet, have enlightened the world in a new style, had he not found a powerful patron in the only Lutheran cardinal that ever existed, Chatillon, brother of the great Admiral Coligny.

Rabelais was followed on a smaller scale by Tabourot (whose works are rather jests, especially the collection of the bulls of M. Gaulard), and by some others; but the sceptre passed to Cervantes, whose work, among other claims to original merit, has that of being free from vicious expressions. Soon after, Tassoni is regarded as the inventor of the Mock Heroic; yet with Don Quixote and the Morgante of Pulci on his table, the invention was far from difficult. Many stanzas of Pulci are models for Tassoni, especially where seven lines of the eight are affectedly very serious, while the last is mere burlesque. As incongruity is the source of laughter, this oddity seldom fails to produce it, having the effect of a jest told with a grave countenance; and it is surprising that no poet has attempted this plan in English. Thus, in the Secchia, an embassy arrives to propose terms; the magistrates and people crowd around the messengers, "Who eagerly asked where the best wine was to be sold:" this last line so utterly disappoints the expectations raised by the former seven, that laughter is the only resource, merely from the contrast and clashing of ideas; for, in fact, nothing is more congruous or natural than that a traveller should ask for drink before he makes a speech. Many have

compared the exquisite poem of Pope with the *Secchia*, while it may rather be regarded as original, as a confection of Attic salt and Cyprian sugar, not producing broad laughter, but such smiles as dimple the rosy cheek of Venus. The subjects are as dissimilar as the style. The Rape of the Lock is a quarrel betwixt a lady and her lover—the Rape of the Bucket occasions a war between two towns, merely as being a trophy on a point of honour. The *Iliad* itself proceeds upon the rape of Helen, a subject as light and empty as the other, with this difference, that the bucket was of some use, the wanton of none. Tassoni is only burlesque in the manner, Pope in both the matter and the manner.

Hudibras is of a very different kind, being a Don Quixote with a squire, told in a species of verse not adapted to gravity, but often witty even in its rhymes. As it is full of wit, or, in other words, of remote and incongruous ideas, it often excites laughter. But the plan and arrangement are so execrable, especially in the second part, that a selection of the best passages would be preferable to the mass, and we might say with Hesiod, “the half is better than the whole.” Butler and Rabelais, and even Swift, confirm the maxim, that wit is seldom joined with judgment and taste, which, on the contrary, depend on congruity of ideas.

Sterne may be added to the list; and the plan, not only of his book but of his life, was incongruous, for he should have abandoned his priesthood before he began to publish writings so unfit for his order. The sea-monsters of Smollet excite broad laughter by the incongruity of their language and manners with the common affairs of terrene life. It is unnecessary to protract the list, as the modern writers of ludicrous subjects are universally known.

This topic of laughter must not be closed without remembering that there is a little Latin book “Of those who have died laughing.” To the examples may be added, that of the brother of a celebrated peer and minister, who died at Hamp-

stead, of a confirmed dropsy. The physician, Dr. George Fordyce, attended with an able surgeon twice, thrice a week to tap the patient. But the disease gaining ground, that operation became necessary every day, and at last Dr. F. was forced to say, "Mr. Fitz M., it is with deep regret that I am forced to inform you that another of these painful operations could only prolong your life for two hours." The patient, with affected gravity, addressed the surgeon, "I am sorry you should come so far to no purpose;" and pointing to the prominent belly of the physician, "tap him! tap him!" He then turned in his bed, and expired in a violent fit of laughter.

LESSON XLII.

REPAIRS.

MANY expenses are incurred by fallacious appearances, which imperceptibly waste the health of the purse like a consumption. "This shall be my fixed and last residence, for it possesses several peculiar comforts and advantages, and as only some trifling repairs and additions are wanting, I shall not grudge this sole extraordinary expense," is one of the most ruinous imaginations that can occur to the mind of man. To those of moderate incomes it is as fatal as a rage for building and improvements among the opulent. We all know that two of the most able among the Chancellors of England were so completely over-reached and pillaged by their architects, that in disgust they never would dwell in the magnificent houses they had ordered to be built: and if even lawyers fail, what can clients expect? The artful charges of tradesmen exceed all calculation, and if you hesitate, the bill is referred to other

tradesmen, whose estimate commonly exceeds the first extortion. Hence the very disgust felt at such impositions is the cause that these imagined comforts impel you to quit the residence, which, after all your expense, is not considered as more valuable, the landlord, tenant, or purchaser having no taste for such improvements. When you have not left, as the saying is, a single nail to be driven, no more account is made than if the house were in disrepair. Thus it sometimes happens, to our surprise at such caprice, that men quit a residence when they have bestowed the last touches of convenience and decoration, generally, it would seem, from repentance of a folly which stares them in the face. Nor is there in all Ovid a metamorphosis more terrible than when bank-notes are changed into tradesmen's bills, reproaching you for folly as well as waste. Even monarchs, who bear with ease the burthen of the state, and with still more ease the burthens of their people, shrink from such a penitence, and Louis XIV. burnt all the bills for the erection of Versailles, among which those for lead alone for roofs, water-pipes, &c. are said to have amounted to twenty-eight millions of livres. That palace and consequent town were erected in a dry desert, because the king could not bear the view of St. Denis, the royal burial-place, from the windows of the noble castle of St. Germain; but if he had thought more wisely, that very view would have prevented the erection of such an edifice, cemented with the very sweat and blood of the poor.

It is more prudent, with the orientals, to consider a palace or house as an inn, where one is not tempted to make repairs, while passengers content themselves with the transitory comforts it affords. Death laughs at entails, and smiles at comforts, which only serve, as a sage observed, to make the last leave more terrible. A Spanish archbishop having a dispute with an opulent duke, who said with scorn, "What are you? Your title and revenues are only for your life;" answered with emphatical truth, "And for how many lives does your grace hold yours?"

LESSON XLIII.

SWINDLING.

AMIDST the surprising progress of the arts and sciences in this enlightened age of slaughter, rapine, and perfectibility (a thing as difficult as the word is long, like the schoolboy's *honorificabilitudinitatibusque*), the branch called swindling has not been deficient; and it is particularly necessary to caution the honest sons of thrift against an evil more general and more dangerous than common robbery. It is difficult to class this art or artifice in any modern Encyclopedia, arranged according to matter; for it may be placed under painting, as dealing in false colours; under statuary, as it strives to make a figure; under music, as it consists in flats and sharps, and trades chiefly in notes; under the catholic creed, as it loves transformation; under poetry, as the expressions are bold, the transitions violent and sublime, as the gallows; under chemistry, as it distils the wits and transmutes substances; under surgery, as it bleeds the patient; under medicine, as it administers a bitter pill to the sufferer; under politics, as it deals in false pretences—"Halt! do you not see that jail there, where you may have a snug lodging gratis?" A fig for your jail. I am speaking of all politics and policies since the world began. But what is human existence except a choice of evils? These are necessary evils, and anarchy is the worst of all. Such is our very nature, that seldom did Honesty and Power shake hands except to part, as never to see each other more.

It is strange that in our classification of the noble art of swindling law has been omitted; but though there may be a repugnance betwixt these two, as relations are often the worst friends, yet the term conveying or conveyancing belongs equally

to both. "Convey, the wise it call," says that lordly thief Pistol. Swindling may also be classed under forgery, as the pretext is a forgery, the occasion a forgery, the perpetrator himself a forgery.

The ways and means of this branch of private politics are so various, the budget so rich in impositions and devices for raising the supplies, that only a few hints and examples can be selected, and those rather ludicrous than serious; for, in fact, the only serious advice that can be given is, to examine well all the circumstances before you part with your goods or money, as it is better even to risk offence, which may be remedied by explanation, than to become the prey of fraud.

In travelling it is wise never to show money, as it may be a temptation to swindling, if not to robbery. Do not expect more honesty in the country than in the town, for country-houses have become fashionable, and knavery has many. Practise in earnest the jest of the Italian doctor. Riding through a village, the people began to jeer him upon his portly belly—"So, traveller, you carry your cloak-bag before you."—"Why not, my masters? It is my constant practice when I pass through a place full of thieves."

The scarcity of coin has increased swindling, and it is difficult to divine what becomes of the gold and silver imported in such quantities from America during three busy and covetous centuries. It is said to leave Europe in order to seek China; but this theory seems insufficient. Gold and silver are soft metals, and are liable to constant and continual, though imperceptible, waste. They lose even in the pocket, and the Jews used to burn the small pockets for the sake of the gold. It would be prudent not to estimate coin by its purity, but by the quantity of pure metal which it contains, and which might be certified by a mint-mark, while an additional alloy would impart hardness and durability. But for this purpose it would be expedient that the chief European governments should join in the plan, lest any particular coin should be idly accused of debasement before the intention is generally understood.

Some silver and an inconceivable quantity of gold also perish in laces and gilding, not a quarter of which ever returns to a solid form; and it is suspected that these are the chief causes of the perdition of the precious metals. It would be a curious calculation to compute the quantity of gold thus lost in France in one year, from the palace, where large chambers shine with burnished gilding, to the cottage with its gilt gingerbread; from the book full of wisdom, to the lacquey full of folly. Gold-beaters and gold-lace-makers waste more money than a war. Yet no government has thought of a heavy duty or tax upon all gold employed in this way, while all states regret the deficiency of that metal.

Swindling and money are necessarily connected—but it is time to return to my immediate topic. It is suspected that this art may be placed among those that were unknown to those poor creatures the ancients, who had not half our refinement and perfectibility; for their stratagems of war can scarcely be honoured with the appellation of swindling, and modern stratagems of peace exceed all their inventions. Even in later times the alchymists were often dupes themselves; but the ecclesiastics were more wise, and being accustomed to dupe the laity, were naturally advanced to the chief offices of the state, where they could exert their habitual talents; and while the Romans committed the care of the capitol to geese, other states more wisely preferred foxes.

But, as private practitioners, swindlers are little known till the sixteenth century, when the grand invention of printing had gradually animated all the arts and sciences to new exertions of discovery and invention. One of the earliest examples is the following, which shows that this art, like printing, was perfect on its first appearance.

A decayed officer at Naples feeling a deficiency of currency took all his remaining wealth, a gold chain, to an artisan, and ordered him to make one as similar as possible of gilded brass. Then putting both into wooden boxes, of such an identical form that they could not be distinguished, he went to a gold-

smith, desiring him to append a little decoration, inquiring at the same time the value of the real chain, which being examined and found to be pure gold, a note was given him of its weight and price. He then replaced the chain in the box, and the box in his pocket, as if inadvertently, but instantly produced the other box with the false chain, which he left with the unsuspecting artist. Calling again in a few days, he loudly rejected the chain as a base fraud, while, he said, the goldsmith had examined his, and even given him a note of the weight and value. The other, insisting that this was the chain left, was summoned before a magistrate. On the day of the trial, the goldsmith, sensible that appearances were against him, consulted another of the same trade, and the final resolution was to oppose trick to trick. But Hesiod's observation was here verified, that "a bad advice is worst for the adviser;" for the other goldsmith, producing a third chain exactly similar, asserted that it was the officer's, and sold to him at a just price a week before the other affair. This, of course, excited violent suspicions against the officer, who, however, did not lose his presence of mind, but penetrating the stratagem, thus addressed the judge—"It is my misfortune not to have suspected the unfair dealings of all these gentlemen. It is very true that I left another chain with that villain who has the effrontery to appear uncalled upon this cause: but it was merely to estimate the value, and the price remains unpaid. I insist that his books and last file of receipts be produced before the court, and if there be a receipt, or even an entry, I am content to suffer this loss also." In short, the officer gained two gold chains, and in spite of his conscience enjoyed the price.

Thus the first rise of swindling seems to have been in Italy, the grand mart of trade and wealth in the middle ages, the papal extortions, in particular, sucking half the coinage of Europe. But Spain, another southern country of refined wits, and corrupted with the influx of gold and silver from America, had also its share in this noble invention, as is evinced by the

adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache, and other early pictures of real life. It was, however, chiefly from Italy that political and private swindling spread into France and other countries. Catherine of Medici, of a commercial family, was one of the greatest and most fatal swindlers that ever infested a country on a large scale. As the French, with their usual inconsistency, reject female reigns, but admit female regencies, though far more difficult and dangerous, this woman, this stranger, contrived to bamboozle all the princes of the blood and leading men of France, and to hold her power during three reigns of her three weak sons. When we consider withal that she was a silly creature, addicted to magic and astrology, we may say with the new pope, "I little thought that government was such an easy business." In her country the means of thriving, as we are told by a contemporary author, were reduced to one short maxim, "An iron hand, an ant's belly, soul of a dog." That is, as he explains it, "To become rich one must endure much labour, live at little expense, and have no more conscience than a dog."

It is the singular destiny of human affairs that all the resources that knowledge can afford to virtue are conquered in practice by those which impudence derives from ignorance. I say derives from ignorance, because it is that very quality which seems useless and negative, that lends the chief force to impudence. The stupid, who have no sense of danger, will advance farther and faster in a new path than wisdom with her constant watchfulness. Hence impudence, and even insolence, are among the chief ingredients in swindling. A man, sensible that his conduct is contemptible, assumes overbearing airs, and imitates the vicious women of Juvenal.

———— Nihil est audacius illis

Deprensus ; iras animosque à crimine sumunt.

Among the ornaments of humble chambers might be placed two instructive prints, to be called the 'Trees of Good and Evil,

which might, so to say, speak to the eyes, and teach morals with brevity and precision. The one should be a stately flourishing tree, full of verdure and golden fruit, inscribed with the names of the several virtues and good qualities, the more important towards the bottom of each branch, and gradually lessening on the extreme twigs. The branches, of course, should form an ethical arrangement of the cognate virtues, as Temperance, Abstinence, Self-command, &c. &c. Prudence, Foresight, Caution, Reflection, &c. &c.

The Tree of Evil should be withered and void of fruit or verdure, only bearing on the branches and twigs the ramification of all the crimes and vices, even to the smaller immoralities, as Theft, Swindling, Over-reaching, Borrowing with bad intentions, &c. The branch of Murder in the blasted twigs of Anger, Hatred, Slander, &c. &c. If an artist were to adopt this idea, with landscapes of summer and winter, enriched with occupations of industry and idleness, he might form a code of instruction equally pleasing and beneficial, and obtain the highest of all praises, that of doing practical good to society.

In the chronology of swindling, it must not be forgotten that in the constant civil wars of France, which occur every century, this artifice was in high favour, and was called *l'art de plumer la poule sans crier*. A gang would pass to a village, and persuade the ignorant clowns to furnish provision of all kinds, as if for the army, with which they walked off undiscovered. As the French, most unfortunately, have ludicrous terms for all the crimes, this was called "burning the village." Thus a French lady of high rank was celebrated for wit because, after drinking a glass of iced water, she said, "How delicious! What a pity that it is not a sin!" This military swindling was checked by Turenne, great in all things except in the change of his religion: and the example he gave was most honourable. Proceeding to a campaign, a deputation arrived from an opulent town, and offered a large sum if he would direct his army another way, the contributions being very oppressive, not to speak

of the licentiousness inseparable from war. He instantly answered, with the instinct of virtue, "Cannot in conscience take your money, for your town is not in my lire of march."

On the other hand, what can be more innocent than the pastoral life, the golden age of shepherds and shepherdesses! Yet the shepherds in France deserved to rank among the chief swindlers. This oddity arose from their pretensions to magic, so that they extorted sums from credulous farmers for removing charms and curing veterinary diseases, which they themselves had occasioned. Some were hanged for selling the black hen, which was to lay golden eggs at certain times of the moon—a dupery at present unimaginable were not the processes extant.

Sometimes they were themselves the dupes, as in the following instances. A peasant in Bretagne having killed a large hare on a common, resolved to present it to his lawyer, who lived at some distance. Trudging through a village, he thought he would get shaved; and leaving his basket and hare well wrapped up in the front shop, he was shown into a back room, set apart for the operation. Meanwhile a roguish shopman had discovered the hare, withdrawn it, and carefully supplied its place with a dead cat, which he had observed in the street. The peasant in haste snatches his basket, and proceeds to the lawyer's, who was at dinner with some friends, ordered him to be admitted, and thanked him for his present. But what was the surprise of the clown when he pulled out the cat! Dreaming of his magic, he stared eagerly in its face, and exclaimed, "Lackadaisy! Look how thou wilt, thou wert a hare this morning, hoa!"

A poor farmer driving his calf to a distant market was benighted, and obliged to put up at a hedge-alehouse, where two shepherds were drinking, and who well observed where the landlord lodged the calf in a little outhouse. They soon went, and agreed to return at midnight to steal the calf thus carelessly immured. It chanced that a bear-leader arrived late in

to face Page 216.



Designed and Etched by J.R. Brinkman.

AN UNEXPECTED WELCOME.

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the evening, and the landlord, at a loss, put the calf in a little pantry, and the bear in its place. The shepherds were exact; one, opening the clumsy door, went in, and was received by the bear with open arms. Screaming aloud, his comrade without asked if he was afraid of a calf, but was answered in woful and half-stifled tones, that for his sins the devil had him in his clutches. The other fled in affright, while the noise brought the landlord and guests, who lodged the confessing thief in a jail.

Swindlers are generally gregarious animals, assisting each other like wolves. A solitary swindler seldom does much business; but such society is not without its dangers, like that of robbers. There is an ancient tale of three robbers, who having murdered a traveller, and obtained a rich prize, the most cunning provoked a combat between the two others, and then treacherously killing the survivor, had all the spoil alone. Such firms are only acknowledged by the executive department of the law, and impeachment is a terrible word to various ranks of society.

Moveables are the chief game, yet there is an example of a chamber being swindled. This rare instance happened in a northern capital, where numerous apartments often occur on the same floor. A proprietor, long absent, found on his return that he had a supernumerary key, and well recollected a chamber of which he made little use. Upon examination, it was thrown into the adjoining house, by opening a door and building a slight wall. This singular case occasioned a long lawsuit, the fact passing the sober belief of the judges.

Unhappily, there are yet more important instances, and a man may be swindled of his whole estate or property, or swindled into matrimony. An unlucky acquaintance of mine, much given to talk, a very unwise practice, fell into a company of mining projectors, who persuaded him to embark with them in searching for coal under his land. He was completely undermined, absolutely ruined, and died of a broken heart, as it is

emphatically called. In matrimony, when both parties are cheated, the case becomes ludicrous. A person high in official capacity wedded the sister of a rich countess, and they joined their credit to deck their proposed residence with such elegant furniture that people crowded to the show; each depending on the supposed wealth of the other. In a few weeks it was discovered that neither had a farthing—the gentleman was forced to retire to the continent, and the lady to her friends.

Having got into the ludicrous, an old tale of this sort shall be given from D'Aubigny. The calvinist minister of Glenay, by name La Fleur, was one of the most starched, formal, and grave personages of his stiff sect, and had the most marked antipathy to monks and friars and all their train. Returning from the synod of Niort on foot, he stopped to take a night's lodging at Lageon, and had scarcely entered the little public-house when he beheld a Cordelier or Franciscan friar, who came for the same purpose. Struck with horror at this encounter, our parson took refuge in the garden, but was followed by the friar, who, nothing rebuffed by his distant behaviour and contemptuous mien, thus addressed him—"Reverend sir, I well perceive that this odious dress, this frock and cowl of deception, offend your eyes, and I am myself tired of them. But in the name of true religion and of charity, which is never suspicious, I beg you will not treat me thus, because this veil of hypocrisy is as disgusting to me as to you, and it is my intention to change it with all speed for the dress of a man of worth like yourself, with the help of the divine grace, which I beg you will join me in imploring, and not refuse your aid to a repentant sinner." This speech was in such unison with La Fleur's sentiments, that he eagerly offered his services in such a conscientious design, and they showed such friendship that the landlady did not hesitate to say that she had only one bed disengaged, where, after due devotions, they both betook themselves to rest, as was common at that time.

La Fleur, greatly fatigued, overslept himself, and it was

broad day when he awaked, and perceived that his comrade had been long risen, as his place was cold. Starting up, and looking for his dress, he repeatedly rubbed his eyes, and thought he was dreaming, when he saw none but the friar's. Lamentations were vain, he was forced by necessity to invest himself in the garments of iniquity; and, obliged moreover to pay a double score, resumed his pedestrian expedition in this strange disguise, not without recollecting the speech of the swindling friar, that he wished to change his habit for the dress of a man of worth like himself. Nay, when he arrived at Glenay, the lord of the manor, a strict old calvinist, happened to be in a little turret at the corner of his garden, and seeing this walking phenomenon, exclaimed, "Body of my grandmother! what fashion of a man is there? A friar in my village!" so that the parson narrowly escaped stoning by the inhabitants.

LESSON THE LAST.

CONSISTING OF LOOSE HINTS.

THE female relations of Darius having become the prisoners of Alexander, he thought it a compliment when he sent them one of his own vests to be embroidered. But these princesses burst into lamentations, saying that they now felt that they were slaves. The monarch, in surprise, sent them a message, "that all the clothes he wore were the work of the queen Olympia, his mother, and that in Greece the ladies of the highest rank delighted to show their skill in such labours."

The ancient theology often conveys great knowledge of human nature.

The washing of linen has become expensive, and a son of thrift will think of the double expense in the bill and in the wear.

A Spanish viceroy of Naples gave a great example of thrift, though spendthrifts called it meanness and avarice. All the presents he received of rare fish, game, &c. he sent to the market, as he delighted more in a full purse than in a full belly.

The Florentines had imposed a tax upon every article of dress made by tailors. A profound politician offered a project of augmentation in this way. As the clocks struck the hours so far as twenty-four, in the Italian fashion, he proposed that they should only strike so far as six, that the tailors might lose less time in counting the hours, and thus accomplish more work for the benefit of the treasury.

It is an article of economy to have only small glasses, as a glass is always a glass.

Mice and rats are professed enemies of thrift, and sometimes occasion the expense of a supernumerary mouth, a cat. Those lazy gluttons only follow society to prey upon it, and haunt our houses to steal and devour. Their midnight revels and impertinent familiarity are disgusting. Determined plagiarists, they convert books and manuscripts into food for themselves. When they ventured on mass-books, they were excommunicated by bell, book, and candle. What then? They have only become more accursed animals. Like Addison's ghost in the comedy of the Haunted House, they appear in the shape of the sound of a drum, and are the most noxious of all apparitions. Some of our members regret that the fashion of haunted houses is past, as they might be had cheap, and sometimes the ghost into the bargain.

Drunkenness is one of the roads to ruin. It does not, as some conceive, unfold the character, but changes it like a fever, as it is. The sad will show intoxication by noise and laughter, the merry by tears. The imagination is condensed in the present, while the past and future evanish. Hence the passions are strengthened at the expense of reason, which only acts as in a dream. This vice becomes rare, and men of sense no longer choose to sacrifice the health and cheerfulness of three days for the riot of one night.

One often loses by lending, especially in the country. I do not speak of *book-keepers*, who are more frequent in towns; and there is no difference in morals between taking a book and taking its price. In the country one must be neighbourly and neighbourlike, as they say in the north, where a *laird* being before a jury for insanity, his physician appeared in his favour; but the deposition presented such oddities that a juryman

eagerly asked what was the general character, to which the physician answered very coolly, "always *neighbourlike*." Not to give offence, it is best to bewilder borrowers by stratagems. If an axe be demanded, you are very sorry that you cannot spare it, but your compliments and the offer of your best ladder; if a razor, offer a rope; if a horse, offer a plough-ox, and so on. You may thus save your property, and yet be very civil and neighbourlike.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

To the Secretary of the Save-all.

AS I learn, Mr. Secretary, that your very respectable Club is pleased to receive any intelligence that may contribute to the example and influence of frugality, it is hoped that my little tale will not be unacceptable.

Having inherited some little property, and having been fond of company, my resources were in a few years exhausted in treating my friends, or rather comrades; who, after having eaten all I had, left me, as they could not eat myself. My little spirit of independence rendered me averse from borrowing, and I began seriously to think of some honest mean of existence, confiding in that providence which feeds all its creatures—spendthrifts, like myself, included. I had even some comfort in the reflection that Fortune has so much occupation in taking care of the heedless, that she has no time to attend to sages, wits, and clever fellows. As I had acted the part of one of this cast, I was led to hope that I might find some little share in her favour.

Reflecting also that of ten persons whom we meet in the streets, perhaps seven or eight have no certain income, but depend upon their daily industry, though they have no more limbs than myself, I retired to a village, where I rented a cheap hovel and bit of garden. A tradesman in town, a near relation, trusted me with

a little stock in the chandlery line, and as I now knew the value of money, I not only became saving, but found my humble daily fare rise, as it were, from the earth: for my little garden not only yielded health and pleasure, but, having acquired some skill, my vegetables and fruits were the earliest in the neighbourhood, and of course sold at advanced prices.

In addition to these resources "I keep a pig, and live prettily," as is the Hampshire saying. My pigs and my poultry are kept at little or no expense, and supply me with bacon and eggs; not to speak of my attendant gains. I must not forget my health of mind and of body, quite different from my former mode of existence, when a fever of three days followed a feast of three hours; my freedom from self-reproach, and my mental comfort and elasticity, when, in the words of the good old bishop, "I see God's blessings spring from the earth, and eat my bread in peace and privacy."

Yours,

J. GOODCHILD.

No. II.

Letter to the Secretary from a young Quaker Lady.

My good and indulgent father is a member, friend, of thy club, and as the transactions thereof are not intended for secrecy, but for public example and instruction, he is abundant in his reports and approbation. Whence it appeareth unto my simplicity of mind that it might be useful and profitable to institute a like society among us daughters of Eve, to be called, styled, and entitled *The Needle Club*, from the use of that instrument in the reformation of our persons. I should have said our clothes, but I fall into the style of the worldly, who call our head-dresses our heads; while among the men creatures a hat is very different from

a head, as, by way of exemplification, a bad hat may cover a good head.

It has been rightly said by our forefathers, that "women's work is never done," and to this perpetual industry it were to be wished that equal economy were subjoined. The dress of the daughters of this world has of late, it is true, become more and more simple; but we sisters had the merit of showing them that simplicity and elegance are akin. Yet am I not a little surprised that at court, the very centre of fashion, the monstrous and burlesque hoops should still maintain their ground, so that, as my father lately translated a passage from a Latin poet, "the lady is the least part of herself." Is it because every body ought to appear in disguise at a court, and still make the most of one's self, that this antiquated and hideous fashion opposes its extravagance (in every sense, see Johnson) to the simplicity, elegance, and economy of common fashionable dress? Perhaps it was originally intended to teach people to keep their distance; but if so, would be more useful in daily life.

It is unaccountable why this fortification, or circumvallation, or circumgyration of many angles, bastions, parapets, and gabions, should be denominated a *hoop*. In French it is a *panier*, or basket, as if it came or went to market. Is our term perverted from the hoop of a hogshead, or from a rolling and falling hoop, so greedily run after by the boys? If the latter, why omit the jinglers, which, if properly attuned according to the rules of music, might delight the ears at a court ball, and add to the happy harmony of our court and ministry?

Thou must have seen, friend, a court lady carried to court in a court chair on a court day. Tell me, I pray thee, can any phenomenon in nature or art be more surprising? The two joints of the vast hoop elevated above her head bear some resemblance of a windmill; but a lobster, with its head between its long claws, or a grasshopper walking up a plant, afford more natural similitudes: but a still stricter and more apposite is that of a bird of night, a bat, perched in its hole. Father says that these ladies are sometimes constrained to enter a door sideways; and, as he loves to moralise, he adds that many things at courts are conducted by side-winds.

I must also regret to see so many old ladies daubed with rouge. This same *rouge*, and the *tricolor* flags shown by Englishmen on a late disturbance, are badges of immorality and enmity. The three colours, red, white, and blue, are the old and present livery of the chief servants of the house of Orleans, and were suggested by the adherents of that family in the view of its mounting the throne. Pretty badges of English liberty! Give me the sanguine hue of cardinals, which indicates that they are ready to shed their blood for their faith, or plain English blue, that stands all weathers.

Here I stand wind and rain;
True blue will never stain.

Thou mayest judge that I am a woman from my discourses on dresses and colours. Nay further, in the present variety of wearing apparel an impression has struck me, which I submit to superior judgments. An ingenious Austrian author has published a book called *Monachology*, in which all the dresses of monks are arranged according to the Linnæan system of vegetable life. Might not this idea be pleasantly applied by an able engraver to the dresses of the ladies? Nor can they be offended at being likened unto flowers, the most pleasing part of the creation.

I am told that in your popular assemblies the boldest man presumes to the chair, and by palliating the possible faults, while he expatiates on the possible virtues of his hearers, gives them credit for more worth than they could in conscience pretend to, and thus wins some momentary applause, which, when he ceases to hear it, he can no longer relish. I have never had the courage to hold forth at our meetings; but if the spirit so moved, I should hope to adapt my discourse to my audience and my experience. I should recommend frugality to my sisters, as the poor men often labour hard and long to procure the money, which their mates waste in half an hour's shopping. As we are Christians, I should display and unfold that grand and unique feature of our faith, the practice of humility, the infallible and inseparable companion of that modesty which is, among us, the very coronet and distinction of virtue. The words *female* and *pride* are even astonished to be

found connected, for as modesty cannot exist without humility, a proud "modest woman" is a contradiction in terms. On this one word modesty may therefore be founded humility, frugality, tranquillity, resignation, and all the domestic virtues, the total oblivion of which in the modern education of females (generally worse than none, as a mere hot-bed of vanities and follies—I tremble to say vices) has rendered modern matrimony a mere school of new miseries, before unknown to the human race.

But where am I? I am really holding forth; and, like others, forgetting my own faults, I am encroaching on humility. I therefore hastily take my leave.

Thy friend,

REBECCA MEANWELL.

No. III.

To Mr. Merryweather, Secretary of the Save-all Club.

These.

I WAS introduced last week, Mr. Secretary, to one of your dinners by a friend, who ranks among your members, and, in spite of all your pretensions, could perceive that you are mere novices in the art of saving. Why use even ends of candles in the evening, when we could talk as well in the dark? Why use fire in a warm room with a numerous company? If you feel cold, are not your great coats hanging useless in the passage? Then your herrings, when sprats are so much cheaper. An intimate acquaintance of mine, who had gained forty thousand pounds, or perhaps half a plumb, by accommodating people with fragments of stock, as thirteen shillings and fourpence, and the like, to make up articles in wills and contracts, used to exult in the sprat season: for his dinner, and amusement at the same time, were to roast each sprat at his little fire, suspended by a thread, which he carefully turned, so that he had them piping hot, like a beef-steak at Dolly's.

For my part, I hide my talent, and pursue my own plan of life, for one is not a guinea, to please all the world; and I have always found that money is the surest friend. The plainest food is the most wholesome—witness the Irish peasantry, stout men and blooming lasses, reared upon potatoes and butter-milk. Nay, do we not see rogues, fed upon bread and water, come with a superfluity of health to the gallows? I admire your pints of porter, balder-dashed with liquorice and quassia, when table-beer is more wholesome, and far cheaper. Not to speak of water, which presents as many pleasing varieties as wine to a genuine water-drinker, whose palate is always pure and alive to its natural relish, whose head is always clear, whose animal spirits are always gay and elastic. In rare cases of real thirst, it is better to wash the mouth with vinegar

and water than to indulge in potations, which yield a momentary delight, but are ruinous to the stomach.

As I am not paid, I do not mean to present you with a lecture on economy, except you disburse the usual fee of an evening lecture. By the by, a prim young clergyman came t'other day with two starched friends to solicit my subscription to his evening lectures. My answer was, that I had no occasion either for evening or curtain lectures, as my wife is alive. Subscriptions indeed! I wish I could raise a subscription for myself.

But as a little corner of my bit of paper is left, I shall give or lend you a few hints, not in the style of the passionate man, who kicked an insolent fellow down stairs, and said he had given him a gentle hint. No, no. I am your friend, and love your plan, however imperfect. There are many roads that lead to Rome, and Rome was not built in one day. Beware of a "change of linen," I mean by the washerwoman, who has brought me a pair of old sheets, with my mark counterfeited, instead of a good pair almost new. Where will this world end? I do believe that the human race has degenerated. If in the course of business you must invite a guest to dinner, endeavour to learn what dish he has the most aversion to. Serve that, and he will eat little or nothing, especially if you cut him a little with a sarcasm just at the beginning of dinner. A change of knives and forks may be saved by the saying that "hands were made before forks." Your members are too well dressed. I have had a large blue cloke for these twenty years, which not only saves me from the weather abroad, but at home saves fire, saves a counterpane to my bed or an additional blanket, saves a cushion at church, when I ride saves a caparison to my horse, saves tailors' bills by hiding my old clothes: in short, it is a real Save-all, while yours is only an emblem.

Yours, as you are saving,

P. IRONSIDES.



No. IV.

To the Secretary of the Save-all.

AT last I have seen your Club, my old boy, but should have been at a loss to pay my share of the reckoning had not your member, Dick Strut, who introduced me, laid down the dust. I would have you to know that I never have any money, either saffron or snow, so that your doctrine of saving is lost upon me; for how can I save what I never have? My scot and lot are always paid with a song, for friends say I sing to admiration, and my voice might be listened to in the House of Commons. But your queer Club prefers the sound of the chink, so that I was dashed, and had not courage enough to knock down the president for a song, though it struck me that he could have roared "An old woman clothed in gray" to great perfection.

I am not unwilling to become a Save-all myself upon terms. 1. My share of the reckoning to be paid with a song, or with a catch, if I have caught cold. 2. An annual allowance for cravats, as I twist my cravat in singing, which occasions tear and wear. You would all be delighted with Tom Shufflepenny. I am no shepherd's reed, only fit to make sheep dance. I not only sing, my boy, but can make songs, far superior to those of Peter Pindar, Dibdin, or young Colman. The elegant air of the pastry-cook's shop-maid, "with her flames and darts, and apple-tarts," is of my composition—a puff-paste raised in half an hour, by gingo. For an additional fee, I shall engage to make songs in praise of the Club, for even lead may be gilded, hey boys! My bases are generally grander than my statues. What then? The figures cut the greater figure. I saw among you a fat citizen as like Christmas as he could stare. Excellent subject!

Tom is always in good spirits—never quarrel with my wine-merchant. Have, like others, my favourite little tippie. Love

a cheerful glass. Always found more old drunkards than old physicians. Do not overvalue life, which a soldier only estimates at sixpence. No great admirer of ale, beer, or white wine. Red wine for me. It blushes, and is pardoned.

Tip me the silver, and I shall send you a song.

Yours,

T. SHUFFLEPENNY.

No. V.

Letter from a Schoolmaster, to the Secretary of the Save-all Club.

I COMMENCE my epistle, good sir, with felicitations on the salubrity of your health and constitution, and hope the Club is all sober and well, for I have heard of your society, and greatly desire to be a member thereof and partaker therewith, howbeit unworthy, *domine non sum dignus*. Yet many are the maxims of economics with which I am familiarly conversant, nor have I forgotten those of Xenophon, the best edition being that of Oxford, 1750, in the size called the octavo; for it would be contradictory of his own maxims to purchase the collective aggregate of his whole works, which are costly, and wilful waste warns woful want. Yet I pretend not to such sapience in the Grecian language as not to throw now and then a sly glance, a sheep's eye, on the Latin, which is married with the original; not, however, in modern wedlock, for they always go hand in hand, and support and assist each other. I wish my moiety did the same, for I am in that conjugation which would be very happy if it were not for the constant and continuous care and vexation. But this is for your private ear, *verbum sat sapienti*. I do ruminate, and with melancholy cogitation, that of the eight parts of speech seven have been allotted unto

woman. Only think of her nouns, adjectives, verbs, participles, adverbs, pronouns, and prepositions, which cannot be enumerated even by Clavius, that great arithmetician, who confounded the vanity of Joseph Scaliger, and made him as dumb as a tailor's goose. In her syntax my wife is no great scholar, but I find her perfect in the accents, particularly the sharp.

But I digress. The Greek I chiefly learned from the collective grammar of Alexander Scot, of which there are many editions, printed at Lyons, *Lugduni sæc. XVII. ineunte*; a vast and profound work, which also contains a dictionary of the roots, which are very useful if boiled and eaten with a little salt, nor do I deal much

In Hebrew roots, which still are found
To flourish most in barren ground.

If so, I suppose and infer that they must resemble potatoes, which most delight in a sandy cultivation.

Ambitious to be a member of your club, which I venerate as calculated not only for the private benefit of all mankind, but for public, as it may prevent any necessity of reform, except in our own persons and purses, I seek to manifest my small ability, which, like my coat, never was good, and is not improved by the wear and tear: for I call to my remembrance that modesty decorates a scholar, as is observed by Heinsius (in his edition of Hesiod (I think in the preface (if I be not mistaken) not far from the end) of that capital treatise on primeval economy) and many others, who observed what they taught, and did not deal in vain glory and futile pretensions to princely origin, like Julio Bordone, who called himself Julius Cæsar Scaliger, happily dead before Scioppius published that thick and terrible quarto, enough to knock a man down, entitled *Scaliger Hypobolinæus*; nor in calling names, like Salmasius, who was, however, in private life, a very modest man, tormented by a terrible wife, *pax in manibus*, say I; nor in empty theories and vain speculations, as near to Bethlem (whence our Bedlam), as the river Jordan, in the old maps of Palestine, like Hardouin, who supposed that all our classics were forged by monks in the dark ages, though one may read all the writers commemorated by that copious scholar Fabricius (in his *Bibliotheca Medii Ævi* (six thick

volumes in 8vo.), a laudable but undigested compilement) without finding a single ray of that celestial light which blazes in the works of the ancients,

(The pomp and prodigality of heaven);

nor in petulance and indelicacy, like the younger Vossius, who was said by Charles II. to believe every thing but the Scripture; nor in the ponderous elucidation of trifles, *nugæ venales*, like Burmannus, who, I suppose, derived his name from the Newcastle *burr*, and who was justly exposed to ridicule in the satire called *Metanasius*; nor in irreligion, like some who must have dropped the rational fear and apprehension that their servants would rob them if not worse!?

I thus submit a proof of my scholastic ability, for here is a paragraph consisting of only one sentence, as long as usual in Clarendon's History of the Civil Wars, with all the modes of punctuation, comma, semicolon, colon, point; with interjection and interrogation at the end, ready for the reader's use, as I could not place them without breaking my period. There is also every kind of parenthesis, the single, the double, and the triple; which last is new and unexpected, much resembling a nest of boxes.

Having thus discussed the preliminaries, I proceed to my main topic. Long have I known that *multa parva faciunt unum satis*: and I hope I am not one of those who borrow science, and leave common sense as a pledge. I know well that a square is not a table, nor a circle a bottle: nor do I seek to resemble the doctors of Valentia, who were said to have great gowns and little knowledge. I trust that I am in the adverse ratio of this proposition. And I always keep good sober company, for he who goes to the mill will always have a little flour on his coat; and he who goes to the coal-wharf will look a little black. I have found that the world has a black and a white side, and he who has by mistake incroached on the black side will find it difficult to retreat without a smear or two; as is proved by Plutarch in his treatise *de facie in luna*.

Scarcely any author on parsimony has escaped my notice. I have perused and annotated, like a *helluo librorum*, some of the rarest writers, as Carpius Strigonensis *de Admirabilibus Scarsimonice*; Chrysolaus of Garfagnana *De gloria res compensandi*;

Avantius of Wurtzberg *De Modo ad latus ponendi*; Gattius de Ruspis *De industria scarritatis*; Teubelli *Cautelæ*; Rampinello de Coticone *Del Nuovo Modo di Tagliare Minuto*; Roblo dell' *architettura di compartire le cose*; the *Aforismi Lucrativi* of Filandro; Agotone's *Notomia de' Retentivi* and *De facilitate Spilorciaria*. And many others besides, all very rare in the booksellers' catalogues, as being little studied in a dissolute and extravagant age, such as the great work of Stilagrius *De Subtilitate Augendi Pecuniam*; Philip of Hungary *De Regulis Pelandi*; Seranus *de Modo Imbursandi*; Scardonius *De Methodo brancandi, stirrandi, et servandi*; Gergus *de legibus repositorii*; Capianus *de Facultatibus Retentivis et regula multiplicationis*; &c. &c.

You will think these odd books, Mr. Secretary, but my reading extends yet further in this line, to Mesurus Lucitanus *de capillis infantum*; Evagrius *de luxuria panis et aquæ*; Baccius *de vinis sub signo Aquarii bibendis*; Slaukenbergius *de Nasis*; Dedikindus *de crepitu ventris*, a decrepit author.

I have consulted many authors, but do not find that the useful instrument called a SAVE-ALL was known to Solomon, nor even to Socrates, though he lived on bread and milk, a food which strengthens the invention, and might have led to this and other great discoveries. I was looking into Cato, that father of ancient frugality, when I bethought me that the ancients could have no Save-alls, because they had neither candles nor candlesticks, only using lamps; *sic oleum et operam perdidit*. This brought to my mind the apology of a magistrate to a king for not having fired the cannon on his arrival, "In the first place, Sire, we have no powder; in the second place, we have no cannon; in the third —." He was proceeding with great eagerness in his vindication when the good-natured monarch said, with a smile, "Your apology is more than sufficient." My argument was thus cut short, like the lawyer's in advising his client, who chanced to be condemned to be hanged, to appeal; but the fellow answered that he would not, for he detested law-suits.

Having a wife and four children to maintain upon thirty-nine pounds seven shillings and fourpence three farthings of yearly revenue, I can afford but few luxuries, such as a dish of tripe or two salt herrings on a Sunday. I feel bitterly the truth of the

maxim ex nihilo nihil fit. But I study to keep up appearances, and was never so happy as when I picked up a brass coin of Dionysius the tyrant (*τυραννος* is not so bad), who became a schoolmaster at Corinth. Alas, *non licet cuivis adire Corinthum*; I suppose his salary was higher than mine. Sometimes I get a trifle by the punishment of fines, *juxta illud*, “*Omnia quæ agunt agunt propter finem.*” But my feelings prevent my being worldly wise, *juxta illud*, “*Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo:*” knowing to be content, *juxta illud*, “*Paucis minimisque natura contenta est.*” I am sober, *juxta illud*, “*Sobrius esto,*” and sometimes am invited to dinner, for the devil cannot always stand at a poor man’s door, *juxta illud*, “*Semel in anno risit Apollo.*” My salary comes in gradually, and robbers would find little in my hut, *juxta illud*, “*Ne veniant fures,*” and my wife and I serve ourselves, *juxta illud*, “*Non maculat manus qui sua facta facit:*” abstaining from any thing oblique, *juxta illud*, “*Fallans fallantis; tis in dus fit fallandus,*” or idle expense, *juxta illud*, “*Dissipans dissipantis dissipabitur cito ruet.*” My wife and I seldom quarrel, *juxta illud*, “*Requiescant in pace,*” for I have learned patience by long experience in the trade, *juxta illud*, “*Patienter ferre memento et noli irasci ab re.*” I trust I am a good neighbour, *juxta illud*, “*Rem cui des videto, et data accepta habeto:*” but still looking at home, *juxta illud*, “*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum,*” so that when I die I hope it will be said, with a tear or two, “*Actum est de illo.*”

I repeat, Mr. Secretary, that I am desirous of being a member of your club, and if you should want a Latin secretary for your foreign correspondence, as your society is designed for the lasting benefit of all nations, I should eagerly accept the smallest salary that you can afford from your candle-ends and cheese-parings. I have been studious in this epistle to display my little skill in that universal language, which I studied regularly and classically, and not empirically or dogmatically, by barking and bawling. “Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad;” as I know by an example, which, as it contains means of getting and saving a livelihood, may not be without its use in the records of your honourable and venerable society.

A piece of a rogue, but withal a very honest man as the world

goes, took it into his head that he might contrive to live more at his ease by setting up a school. He had failed in his trade of a leather-breeches and whip-maker, so that the transition was not violent, nor against the rules of Quintilian, cap. *De Transitionibus*. The great obstacle was, that he knew not a word of Latin, *hoc opus, hic labor*. So he began with the purchase of a Latin grammar, and by means of the English side acquired some competent knowledge of the eight parts of speech, and could decline *penna, pennæ*, like a dunce who cannot write. A board was soon up, "Schooling taught in the Latin lingo. Mouse-traps and sweet-meats sold here. N. B. Washing performed. All in the Newest Taste." The washing was his wife's province, and rather the better trade. This took, and I lost two or three of my scholars, whom I do not regret, having been blamed by their parents, because I could not make learning enter at either end.

Finding that the plan began to thrive, my rival picked up at stalls Cordery's Colloquies, Cornelius Nepos, and other little books, with verbal translations, and upon this stock in trade he contrives to live better than I, who may pretend, without vanity, to be a classical scholar, *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*. He is now studying Kennet's Roman Antiquities, while his wife, to share the gain and glory, proposes to give lectures, at twopence a head, on rhetoric and logic. His name is Moses Boytrap, and I often repeat, *O tempora! O Moses!*

If thought worthy to be your Latin secretary, I flatter myself that I could tickle up a dedication or rub down an adversary, nay, I could now and then dash at poetry, for instance,

Aulica vita	Non est ita
Non est vita	Ut pia vita.
Aut si est vita	

If you want a verse of very difficult construction, and nevertheless very good Latin, here it is.

Nate mea Romam filia neque suam.

With which, and my humble salutations, I conclude. *Vale.*

R. WISHART, *Latine Sophocardius.*

No. VI.

Some Minutes of the Club.

JOHN RICHARD, Esq. having received a present of an excellent cask of pale Madeira, has repeatedly invited his friends to taste it, and given them dinners for that purpose and effect, in manifest contradiction to the maxims of the Club and of common economy.

Expelled till the said wine shall have been consumed.

His remonstrance, bearing that he only wished to liquidate some trifling debts. Rejected, as a play of words can never compensate the play of the purse.

Mr. Thomas Spangle, when his clothes had only lasted three years, and had never been turned, thought proper to purchase a new suit, at the enormous expense of four pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, sterling money. N. B. The old suit was sold for three half-crowns, and he might have had a cheap suit in Monmouth-street, as is well known to most of our members.

Expelled for a year. He may, however, appear at the Club if he choose to wear a gold-laced waistcoat on these occasions, and to which waistcoat all the members shall make a low bow.

He has since presented an appeal, stating that he only bought the said new suit in order to obtain more credit in an important transaction.

This appeal to be examined by the Committee, and if found veracious the censure withdrawn, and this member reinstated.

Toby Spruce, having some light acquaintance, is persuaded to quit his shop, as beneath a man of his appearance (N. B. he has the misfortune to be hump-backed), and to pass his time in idleness among the bucks of Bond-street and Pall-mall.

To resume his shop directly, on pain of perpetual expulsion. It is also understood that no member shall speak to the said Toby Spruce, under a fine of five shillings.

Mr. Shrewd, a bachelor, in the view of saving money, dismisses an old servant and employs a poor neighbour, who does his work and errands without wages, but eats and drinks, and carries the fragments home to his wife; so that the expense amounts to that of two servants, the wages being an inferior consideration to the maintenance generally, as one to three or four.

Mr. Shrewd, being a well-meaning member, has listened to the reprimand, and promised to change his plan of economy.

Solomon Crackpole, Esq. convicted of having paid twenty guineas to an Italian quack and alchymist for two receipts; one for converting lead into gold of twenty-four carats, another for turning blotting-paper into bank-notes; and also, at a subsequent period, ten guineas to the same quack of twenty-four carats, for two receipts of similar value, one for converting potatoes into mutton-chops, the other for turning plain pudding into beef.

His name to be erased from the list of members, and himself recommended to the special care of his nearest relations.

Mr. Henry Hectic, on consulting a qualified physician (that is, one employed by ladies of quality and quantity), is told that beef and mutton are heavy and unwholesome foods. He has in consequence lived for six weeks on veal, lamb, chickens, blanc-manger, and whipped cream, to the great injury of his purse and person, both of which are empty and meagre.

Condemned to dine on cow-heel and sheep's-head for a fortnight, and on plain mutton for a month thereafter, during which six weeks he is sent to Coventry; and in case of relapse fined ten pounds, for the use of the poor.

Peter Prim, a tradesman, fined five shillings, and expelled for a month; because, having bought a leg of mutton, he was ashamed to carry it home, and wasted sixpence, or twenty-four farthings, in a porter's fee.

Mr. Liquorish, having wasted seven shillings on a dish of half-ripe green peas, and pleaded in excuse that the belly is not blameable because eatables are dear, fined in fourteen shillings for his gluttony, and sent to Coventry for a month, on account of his plea, which betrays an hardened sinner.

Thomas Sprightly is a constant frequenter of balls and assemblies, and treats the ladies, who laugh at him as a common dangler. He is admonished to refrain from this idle expense.

His remonstrance, that it is in the view of a good marriage, has been duly considered, but has made little impression on the old ones of the Club, who are rather apprehensive, from his simple manners and goodness of heart, that he will become the prey of the very artful, cunning, and treacherous females of the present day. If, however, he get married, it shall be regarded as a sufficient punishment.

Sir Clement Cornice, baronet, not contented with having built a splendid villa, invites all the world to see it, and gives miscellaneous dinners every Sunday, so that it has become a cakehouse.

Ordered, by the President and Committee, that he pay a fine of one guinea for every such dinner to the poor of his parish. On non-compliance, he is requested to send in his resignation as a member of this Club.

Lord Arab, who boasts of his gains in keeping a race-horse, is requested to present to the Committee an exact accompt of his profit and loss. N. B. No errors excepted.

Mr. Plod Furret, who is always dabbling at sales of old and scarce books, though he can scarcely read his mother tongue in the common Roman letter, is ordered, on pain of expulsion for such useless expense, to bring his only Caxton to the Club, and to read two pages thereof aloud.

The honourable member has presented a petition, stating that his only view in such purchases is to lay by money in a very sure way, and at a great interest, as such articles always increase in value; that in this view, far from any attachment to any letter, whether black, white, brown, or yellow, he received great comfort in the conflagration of a nobleman's library, which contained five Caxtons, as thereby the value of his was greatly increased; and that he consults people of skill in his purchases.

The censure withdrawn, and the member re-instated.

THE END.

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